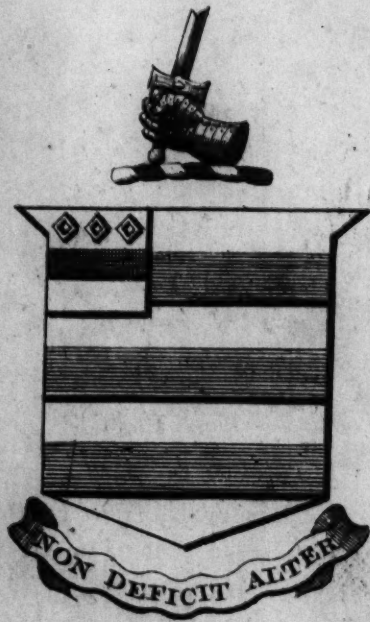
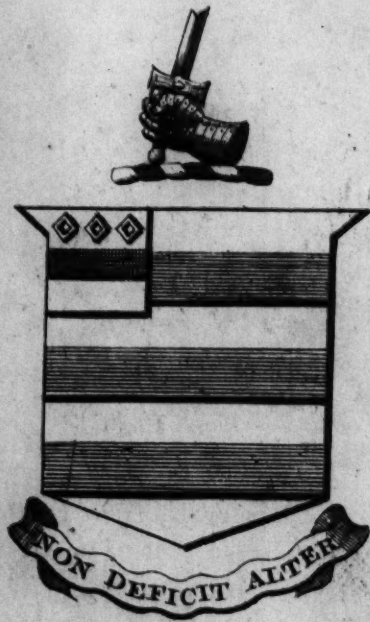


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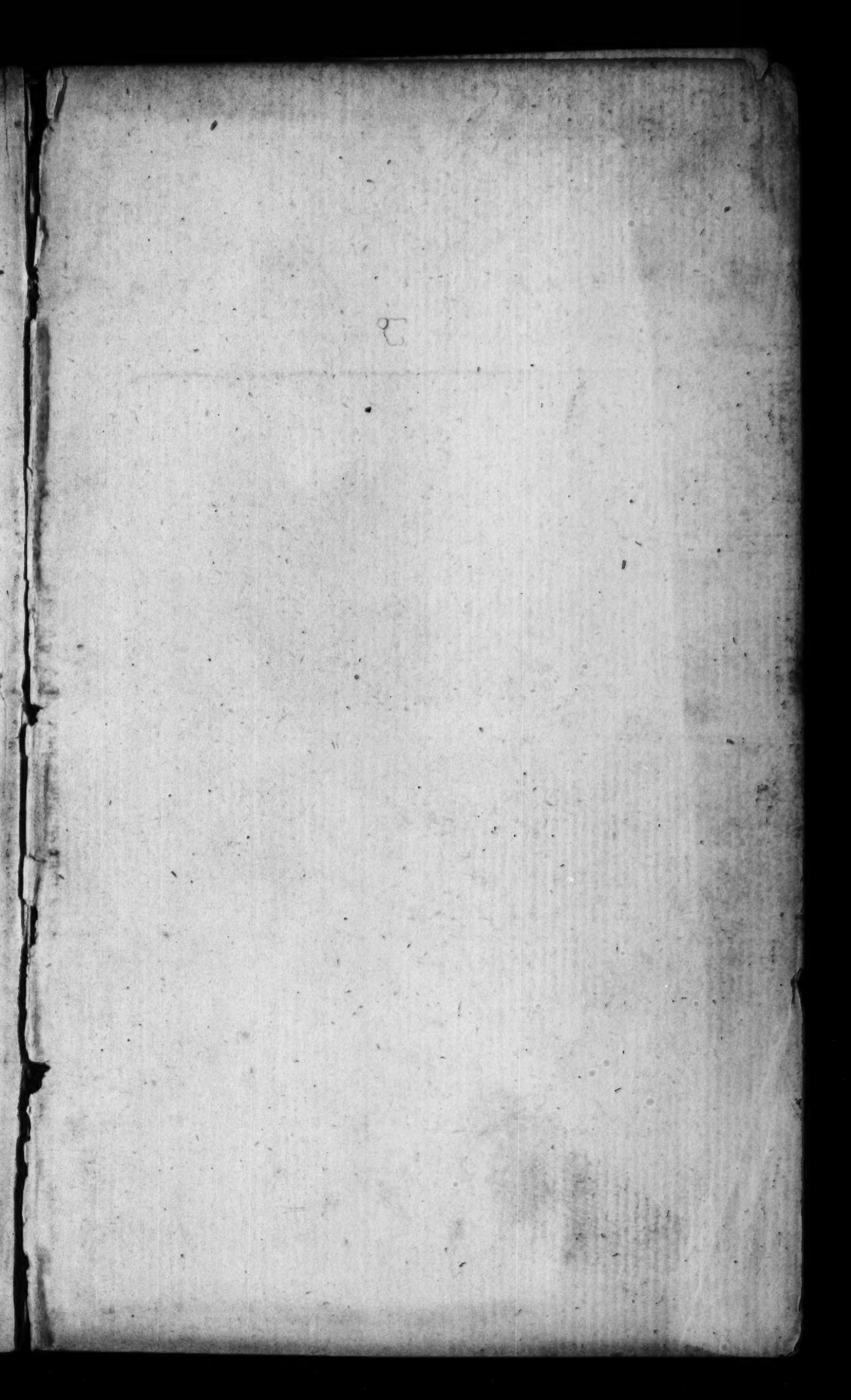


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126H. f. 16..

THE
ROYAL CAPTIVES.

VOLUME I.



M. Francis

THE
ROYAL CAPTIVES:

A
FRAGMENT OF SECRET HISTORY.

COPIED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT,

BY
ANN YEARSLEY. *R*

VOLUME I.

Dear spirit of refinement!
From where thou hast chosen thy pure celestial
dwelling, descend!

From thee, bright form of innocence,
Fly the brutal shadows that darken the bosom of man.
Thine are the grand, the energetic, the invincible;
Thou art the soul of the world!

Vide Page 89.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATER-NOSTER ROW.

M DCC XCV.

France

ROYAL CAPTIVES:

ACCOUNT OF SEVEN MONTHS

IN THE

PRISON OF WAR



By the late General Pitt Rivers, F.R.S.
With an Introduction by the Rev. Canon
D. G. Hoggin, F.R.S.
London: Printed by the British Museum Press, 1901.

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P R E F A C E.

"To be, or not to be, that is the question."

WHEN Shakespeare wrote this line, he had lost sight of congregated Nature; since, to exist, or not to exist, can never be a question from existing substance.

Was Henry, or was not Henry, may be a question to which, if the following sheets find approbation, I may give, in future, the best answer I am capable of. If rejected by the few I value, my work is done. I love Fame, though I have only heard her whispers; am sensible she incites towards the wonderful, the great and good; and that Authors, who

affect to despise her, are cowards, insincere, and guilty of profanation; yet there is vast difference in being her lover and her slave. For me, I confess myself not deaf to, nor independent of the voice of the world, except in those enraptured moments when bewitching Fancy renders me insensible to the real dependencies of life. In poesy, I am her slave; in prose, I wish her to be mine. In private sorrow, she has, through a gloomy passage of twenty years, proved my enchanting friend. None may condemn me; Nature herself drew delusion in the desert where I was beloved by Fancy, before I was alive to Fame, and tasted more delight than I have since found in the midst of proud society, where favour falls heavily on the heart from the hand of Arrogance.

Readers,

Readers, who are not wearied with the perusal of these volumes, will wish Henry had led them a little further. To those kind spirits, I would plead the shortness of life and the abruptness with which it often ends. The pause Henry makes in the MS. is not that of death, but sudden illness, and I took the advantage. One of my motives for publishing the work unfinished, is, that the world may speak of me as I am, whilst I have power to hear. The clouds that hang over my fortunes intervene between me and the Public. I incessantly struggle to dissipate them, feel those struggles vain, and shall drop in the effort—This consolation I shall, however, bear with me to the verge of life, that to those who have guided me by the sacred and lambent flame

I of

of friendship, my memory will be dear, and that whilst Malice feebly breathes, Truth will boldly pronounce,

ANN YEARSLEY.

THE
ROYAL CAPTIVES.

Isle of St. M*****, 18th June, 1685,
dated from the Castle—at Night.

TORN from the visions hope had been flattering me with, I was plunged into this dreary abode. In the fourth room on my left, I saw by the glimmering of a lamp the Marquis D****. He was reading; dejection had robbed his eyes of their brilliancy, his features were fixed by despair—I paused—One of the guards, I thought, looked sorrowfully at the Marquis, who raising his eyes towards Heaven, exclaimed, “O merciful God! how long must I bear this thirst?”—A sigh broke from my bosom, but it availed not my friend, I was conducted to my cell, and left

2 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

in awful silence to gloomy meditation; yet pity, heavenly pity! had touched the strongest fibre of my heart, and I forgot for some moments I came here to die.—After a night of weariness I arose; the sun had not gilded the grates of my prison, nor had the lark indulged her first rapture, when the groan of anguish left the burthened heart of some one near me—I listened—silence ensued, and after an interval of near ten minutes heard a door unlock—It was the door of the Marquis.

“Deadly draught! Bitter!—Bitter
“to an extreme!” were his words.
I felt agony not to be expressed, grew wild with horror, and knocked loudly on the inside of the door of my prison. It was opened by a soldier, in whose countenance were discernible
ble

ble the tumultuous traits of unfinished murder.

“What would you have, Sir?—
“speak quickly—the Commandant
“would reprove me did he know I
“obey unnecessary curiosity—”

“Surely thou couldst not do it;
“ (said I looking at him with amaze-
“ment—) if he is not yet dead, per-
“mit me to see him.”

“Whom would you see?”

“That gentleman in the fourth
“room.”

“He must die, Sir. Nine days
“have elapsed since the *lettre* of
“death arrived.—He must drink—

“Poison!” (interrupting him.)

“Yes, Sir; the draught of sleep
“—he will feel little pain.”

“How long has he been impri-
“soned here?”

“ He was here before I came—
 “ I know not his offence—we only
 “ attend to guard-hours; prisoners
 “ must not converse with us, nor
 “ dare we make enquiries; if we
 “ did, we could do no good, for
 “ our own lives are not worth much
 “ here.”

“ O Heaven! (I exclaimed,) is it
 “ possible those who boast the name of
 “ christian should thus revel in cruel-
 “ ty!—Lead me to the Marquis.—”

The foldier seemed irresolute; I
 slipped a purse into his hand; he was
 conquered and left me near the bed
 of my friend; slumber, innocent as
 that of infancy was gathering on his
 face, he raised his heavy eyes towards
 mine.

“ From whence are you come?”—

“ Ah,

“ Ah, my dear friend ! do you
“ not know me ? ”

“ Is it, can it be my dear Henry ? ”

“ Yes, it is that unfortunate vic-
“ tim of designing power. ”

“ And come you here to seek a
“ grave ? ”

“ My dear Marquis, Kings will
“ be obeyed ; how long have you
“ lingered here ? ”

“ You may remember the night
“ when I attempted your rescue, I
“ found you noble, and without the
“ tedious enquiries of who or what you
“ were, disinterestedly loved you, our
“ intimacy was of short continuance,
“ I embarked for France the next
“ morning, nor had I time to tell
“ you my real name and quality—my
“ breath grows short—I long to sleep
“ —take those papers, conceal them,
“ do not forget me—I had a sister.—”

He became lethargic, as he named his sister. I attempted at first to rouse him. Heavy sleep rendered him motionless, and I began to think my effort cruel, when the soldier who had listened at the entrance of a long and gloomy passage returned; prudence whispering the danger of his seeing the papers of my friend, I concealed them in my bosom and hurried to my apartment.

Wherefore are we virtuous! or why are the votaries of virtue not more numerous in the world? my friend, my lamented friend, was one of her singular adorers, he lived beloved, he dies neglected! Give me just Heaven the opportunity of avenging his fate, and take me to thy mercy! thus I feebly exclaimed, without

out reflecting that the doors of liberty were for ever closed on me !

Throwing myself down, I endeavoured to collect my scattered ideas, and to reconcile my mind to the assemblage of mournful circumstances in which I found myself suddenly enveloped. Sullen are the rigid precepts of proud philosophy ! we practice appearances, we are stubborn in concealing our richest emotions, we assume above the vulgar, and we even bear with us to the grave the treasures of the soul ! yet, nature freezes at dissolution, man is least trained in deception when he owns himself unwilling to undergo the great change — During the hour of sleep, fancy, in broken lineaments, brought the Marquis to my view, yielding to the

power of death—Had not its terrors
made sick my yielding spirit?

Awakened by some voices near me,
I opened my eyes on two of the
guards and a Cordelier.

“Leave me with your prisoner,”
said the latter, “I will confess him.
“Should his love of truth throw a
“light on the combinations of
“France; I have orders for some
“little indulgence from the King.”

“*Vive le Roi!*” replied the guards,
and respectfully retired.

“God be with us my son,” said
the good father.

“Eternally! reverend monk.”

“Shrift, shrift!”

“I honour my King, love my
“country, and never conceal the
“emotions

“ emotions of my soul from my mis-
“ tress or my friend.”

“ Know you that you are accused
“ of conspiring against monarchy,
“ of associating with the enemies of
“ the King, and of concealing me-
“ morials which immediately con-
“ cern the state ?”

“ Leave me to my fate !” I cried.
“ Rash and ill advised youth !” re-
“ flect on the value of existence,
“ sport not wantonly with that power
“ who willed thee into being.”

“ That power, Holy Father, now
“ whispers here ; *I have given thee*
“ *the energies of nature, pervert them*
“ *not !*” in pronouncing these words
I laid my hand on my heart, and
Heaven is my witness it beat firmly
in unison ; the Cordelier paused—I
thought he appeared a little ashamed
of his mission.

B. 5. “ The

“ The King will bless thy youth
 “ with luxury, and thy age with ho-
 “ our, so thou but yield his foes to
 “ justice.”

“ Bid him banish his ministers.”

“ Irreverend and disloyal !”

“ Deceived old man !”

“ Thou wilt undergo the torture.”

“ I expect it.”

“ Wilt thou not reveal thy
 “ friends ?”

“ Yes, tear my heart from its
 “ hold. Thou wilt find their im-
 “ pression there—away !”

The Cordelier looked full in my face, his eyes met mine, and I fancied a languid smile stealing across his features ; but as he held his cloak over his mouth I could not discern, nor was it of moment to me, by what ideas he was animated.

But I soon blushed at the recollection of my rough manner, concluded it unworthy his resigned and sacred character, and began a more gentle apology when he abruptly withdrew.—My last moment seemed now to approach—I pondered seriously on death, my anxious, my curious soul could pierce no further, I was incapable of wishing for immortality. Love drew me back to the world, while I vainly struggled to look forward to the grave. Lost in meditating on life's broken prospects, I stood with folded arms leaning against the wall, when my door was hastily unlocked, the guards entered, and I prepared to follow them to the place of execution.

“How happy you are!” said one of them.

B 6

“Trifle

“ Trifle not with my feelings,
 “ lead on.”

“ The holy Cordelier has procured
 “ you the freedom of the castle, but
 “ you must not pass the court gate.”

They bowed, and left me astonished;
 here has comfort taken one step
 for me, said I to myself, who knows
 but she may take another.

Each moment brings event, and on mankind
 Unbosoms her deep store of bliss or woe.
 Year follows year so strongly drawn by fate,
 We barely view them ere they hurry on
 Beyond our ken of soul.—

Recovering, I flew to the door of
 the Marquis, and listening, heard
 him breathe—Joy revisited my bo-
 som: love and gratitude arose for the
 Cordelier, and hope began busily to
 combine her images within my late
 desolated mind. Hope! thou dear,
 delusive

delusive power! how frequently dost thou charm and deceive, yet how eagerly art thou indulged by poor humanity! I now ranged through the awful passages of this tremendous prison, my ears were saluted by varied sounds, but mostly by sounds of sorrow—the Marquis still breathed in the most profound sleep.

After having wandered back to my solitary cell, I cautiously took one of his unsealed papers from my bosom: it was a letter addressed to the Duke of B**** from my late guardian the Count de Marfan, a fragment of which ran thus:

“Your intriguing enemy, the
 “Chancellor de Tellier, not con-
 “tented with persecuting you and
 “the unfortunate Henry, has con-
 “trived

14 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

“trived to render many of the no-
 “blesse suspected. Three were ac-
 “cordingly arrested yesterday—re-
 “main where you are.” Here were
 names mentioned which were most
 dear to me; but when the letter was
 written, or how it was to reach the
 Duke of B**** I could not learn:
 ideas of past happiness now crowded
 on my memory, my imagination
 grew fervent, and the bars of my
 prison seemed to press upon my
 brain! “O my father! must I
 “never see thee more! Where
 “art thou, my long loved Emily?
 “Just heaven! for what mysterious
 “purpose am I preserved!”—The
 hapless Marquis was not in a state for
 interrogation, all was a chaos within
 me, till burthened with wild and im-
 probable conjectures, I yielded to
 repose.

Dawn

Dawn no sooner appeared, than the dismal clanking of chains proclaimed the uprising of the gloomy inhabitants of the castle. I again waited at the door of the Marquis, in hope of hearing him breathe, I heard him not; the hour of the morning was yet but early, and I endeavoured to console myself. Not knowing a spot within these walls that could afford me happiness, I was returning to my wretched apartment, when I met the foldier in the passage who had yesterday administered to the thirst of my friend. He held a cup full of a pale liquor, which seemed to congeal as he stood with its own somniferous properties.

“Does the Marquis live?”

“He lives, and has called for
“more drink. My painful task was
“yesterday

“yesterday but half finished, and in
“this draught lies sleep eternal—
“Yet, go to him, Monsieur, per-
“suade him to put off the last hour
“by refraining; for when he drinks
“he dies!”

Forgetful of my situation, I rudely
seized the arm of the soldier, stared
him wildly in the face, and saw his
eyes swimming in tears—still I gazed
with silent horror.

“Ah, Monsieur! it is not the un-
“happy Malnor would destroy the
“Marquis! Deeply do I violate
“my feelings as a man; but should
“I refuse this execrable office, I
“must expire on the rack; nor
“would my death avail your friend,
“all here, who are supposed to be
“on the part of the state, are, from
“necessity

“ necessity, executioners. Go, re-
 “ quest him not to drink—and yet—
 “ if he should refuse, the little rem-
 “ nant of his life will be miserable—
 “ He must never drink more.”

“ ’Tis too much,” said I eagerly,
 and from sudden impulse dashed the
 cup on the earth.

“ What have you done! my life
 “ is gone!”

Brought to desperation, I panted
 with tumultuous and varied emotion.

“ Give him water that he may re-
 “ vive—Fly, my good friend!”

“ I must give him nothing—I have
 “ nothing to give, each victim is
 “ allowed but two draughts of powst.
 “ The Commandant deals it out: I
 “ can procure no more.”

“ Say thou *hast* given it him.”

“ And how will that serve?”

“ Say he is dead.”

“ How bury him?”

I was

I was foiled.—The poor foldier now appeared as one condemned by me; yet I secretly exulted in the effort of faving my beloved friend.—After looking with diftraction for fome moments at each other, I recollected myfelf fo far as to defire him to be fecret; again gave him gold, and he left me with a figh that indicated more refignation than remorse. Inftead of going to the Marquis, I ftaggered to my cell. Terror, amazement, and pity confpired to raife an anarchy in my bofom—Where, at fuch a moment, could my fpirit find refource? I kneeled and implored the Ruler of the world. Loft in fervor, I was found by the generous Cordelier.

“May the Creator hear thee!”
was his falutation.

I arofe

I arose and accosted him with the purest affection; his venerable beard concealed half his face, his cowl obscured his eyes, yet I heard his language with delight.

“O, my father! save my friend.
 “He who rescued me from death
 “lies in yonder cell, doomed, in a
 “few hours, to tremble in its last
 “agonies!—Where shall I lose my
 “memory, Cordelier? existence is
 “becoming a burthen!”

My wild ravings shocked the Cordelier. He reprov'd me gently, led my imagination through the universe, and dispassionately proved that Nature being eternally at work, she must destroy equally as she renews; adding, “I know not thy friend—Who-
 “ever he is, wilt thou for his sake
 “give

“ give up the secret reformers of the
“ nation ?”

“ No. I know no reformer ; the
“ few friends I have are noble.”

“ Then he must die.”

“ Die ! unfeeling wretch ! how
“ dar’st thou, how dare thy King
“ sport so easily with the life of man ?
“ Is this thy piety ?”

“ Be calm, my son ; ungovern’d
“ passion makes virtue unamiable,
“ and if thy stubbornness is to *thee* a
“ virtue, preserve it in the inmost
“ recesses of thy soul, but suffer it
“ not to dwindle into childish impa-
“ tience, which can never profit
“ mankind nor thee.”

Strange force of deserved reproof !
I blushed, my confusion owned the
Cordelier just, veneration resumed its
place, and I mournfully expostulated,

“ Ah,

“ Ah, my father ! to suffer my distraction, you must be acquainted with the mind of the dying Marquis D * * * * .”

“ The Marquis D * * * * !” said you ? “ where ? O ! where is he ?”

“ In the fourth cell on the left.”

“ Art thou in this dreadful habitation !”

Perceiving he was fainting I caught him in my arms.

“ O my brother !” said he, with a heavy sigh, as I placed him on a low bench, “ is it possible after the troubles we have known I must meet thee here !”

I hastily informed him of the state of his brother. And found him equally a stranger with myself to the cause
of

of his imprisonment. In few words, the Cordelier informed me, that had I been more flexible to his political solicitations, I should have been an object of his contempt.

“ I officiate here in heavenly purposes, confessing those who are to die, in some future hour you will know me better—lead me to my brother !” I conducted him forward ; to the guards he announced the holy power of the church—they withdrew—and we found the Marquis in a heavy sleep. The Cordelier fell on his neck, the big tears dropped on the face of the unresisting sleeper, who once raised his eyes, met those of his brother and fell back from the fraternal embrace. Lethargy hung on his senses : we could not rouse him, he looked around, rolling his eyes

eyes with a vacant glare. It was now the hour when the Commandant of the castle came to visit the victims who were soon to die : He approached, attended by the dejected Malnor.

Finely shaped, easy of deportment, and carelessly polite, displaying a gold snuff-box in his hand, he directed his enquiries to Malnor.

“ The gentleman is not quite gone, you say, Malnor ?—Corde-
“ lier, I suppose you have prepared
“ him ?”

“ His hands are cold—but his
“ temples are yet warm.”

“ Well ; let him lie undisturbed.”

At the conclusion of this speech, the fellow took snuff with as much ease as he would have performed the
same

same action at an opera; I stood silently enraged. Happily the Cordelier's face was concealed, as he was kneeling at the side of the bed holding his forehead with both hands; while his tears and sighs were mistaken by the gay Commandant for devotion. Sanguinary power! by what infernal appellation art thou adorned who canst inure the heart to cruelty! Habit had frozen the feelings of this wretch; who after congratulating Malnor, on the little alteration produced by the draught in the placid countenance of the Marquis, gave orders for his interment at the midnight succeeding his departure, in the private burial ground.

Malnor, who was conscious of having but half compleated the work of death, trembled at the order, bowed,
ed,

ed, but made no reply to the obdurate Superior; who by chance looked at me, expressed himself happy on seeing me at the Castle, and retired, (singing an air of Voiturès,) to visit other victims who were under condemnation.

“ Rise holy father ! fruitless are
“ thy tears ! heavy despondency
“ enervates thy spirit.”

Without heeding me, the Cordelier gazed with agony on the Marquis, then turning to Malnor, feebly articulated.—

“ Hast thou a brother ?”

The abrupt question discomposed Malnor—sympathy shone in the tear he endeavoured to hide.

VOL. I.

C

“ I have

“ I have a sister and an aged father,” replied he, “ who bewail my loss, while I am confined here under an accusation of which I am guiltless ; the Governor has thought proper to prolong my life, for the purpose of administering the fatal potion to those who are the victims of the state.”

“ Wilt thou be my friend ?” cried the Cordelier—“ Art thou possessed of any means that will revive my brother ?”

“ To what purpose would you restore him,” said Malnor, “ heard you not the order of the Superior ? Momentary restoration would but increase the pangs of struggling nature.”

“ Save him but for this night ! to-morrow may be the season of mercy ! I will hasten to the Chancellor

“ cellor le Tellier, who is with his
 “ son, Louvois, on the island, throw
 “ myself at his feet, and whatever
 “ be the crime of the Marquis, the
 “ Chancellor will surely grant him
 “ life, on condition that he seclude
 “ himself from the world for ever.”

The Cordelier waited no reply,
 but left us hastily.

Malnor informed me, that the physician of the Castle could furnish antidotes whose strong power would expel the fumes of the chilling poison; “not,” continued he, “that
 “ your friend can immediately recover, but the weight will gradually descend from the oppressed
 “ brain, as the stomach feels relief.”

“ Fly to the physician, my good
 “ Malnor, buy his silence with this

“ gold, and let us force this victim
“ to taste the cordial of life !”

“ I go,” said Malnor, “ but re-
“ member, if the Cordelier brings
“ not his pardon, your friendship will
“ be cruelty; man, naturally wishes
“ to die without pain, when can the
“ Marquis die with less ?”

Reason and philosophy strengthened the maxims of Malnor ; yet, I bad him be swift and leave the event to Heaven. Thirty-hours had the Marquis lain in a death-like stupor.—The soldier hastened to find the physician, and I waited with painful anxiety the Cordelier’s return. Too soon he arrived, with distraction in his countenance.

“ Ah, my friend ! I have been
“ received with insolence, the Mar-
“ quis

"quis is pronounced a traitor, and
 "all the indulgence I can obtain is
 "to inter him with his ancestors,
 "in the chapel of St. * * * * *. I
 "kneeled, implored and exhorted
 "the Chancellor le Tellier, to be-
 "ware of destroying the noble sub-
 "jects of France ; I did not con-
 "fess the unfortunate Marquis was
 "my brother, since the loss of my
 "liberty could not alleviate his af-
 "flictions.—‘ Go,’ said the proud
 "minister, ‘ before you can arrive
 "at the castle, he will be no more,
 "so trifling a sacrifice cannot se-
 "cure the peace of my sovereign ;
 "more must expiate their disloyalty
 "with their lives, when drawn from
 "their hiding places ; you have here
 "an order for the interment of the
 "Marquis, the favor is granted *you*.’
 "Bending myself, incapable of lan-

“ guage to thank him for such a
“ favor, I sorrowfully left his pre-
“ sence—Does my brother live?—I
“ fear not—the Commandant is ap-
“ prised of the indulgence granted
“ me by the Chancellor, and has
“ himself ordered a covered carriage
“ to convey the body of the Mar-
“ quis to the chapel, such is his fate.
“ But for you, my dear friend, I
“ have brought a habit exactly like
“ my own : Put it on, conceal your
“ face in the cowl, and follow the
“ body of my brother through those
“ fatal doors. The deception will
“ not be known. I can loiter in the
“ cell, under the pretence of devotion
“ with the prisoners, till the guards
“ are changed, and then pass un-
“ noticed.”

Malnor returned at this moment,
but no physician.

“ No,

“ No, my good Cordelier,” said I, “ that brave soldier stands in danger of the rack : Give *him* the habit, he may pass for a Cordelier in following the Marquis, and my anxious soul will stand acquitted of his fate.”

“ Preserve *thy* life at this hour, under the sanction of my office ; I may at some future period pre-serve Malnor.”

But the intreaties of the Cordelier were unavailing : I only requested him to conceal himself in my cell, that two Cordeliers might not at once be seen near the Marquis ; he obeyed, and Malnor ventured the awful crisis ; we could now discern no pulse, life seemed to have retreated from the object of our cares, while we were contriving to secure it. Our

tears, the last tribute of affection, fell on his senseless bosom, and he was conveyed through the eastern aisle to the carriage that waited for the solemn purpose, while Malnor followed with the certificate of interment in his hand; and fortunately passed the guards unquestioned.

The fear, the danger of Malnor's departure, threw the Cordelier and myself into silent stupidity, we were nearly breathless with apprehension—while every step, every little noise sounded like thunder to our affrighted senses, the Cordelier sat himself down on my little bed, and found some relief for his troubled heart in a flood of tears; I attempted not to comfort him, a respectful silence better suited his excess of affliction.—The Commandant's bell rang, the Cordelier

lier was roused to a thought of safety. He embraced, and left me to fulfil his duty with those in the distant parts of the castle, who were penitent from terror, and wished for his consolation.

I had been five years a miserable wanderer in barbarous climes. Dragged from my friends, my father and the woman I adored; on my return could gain no information of those beloved objects, and while seeking them in every part of France, was arrested and thrown into this prison on the eighteenth of June, as I have above recorded. Though I had known so little of the Cordelier, and of his brother the Marquis, I felt a faint hope, from the letter I had already seen, that some information

C. 5.

might

might at a future period be gained from the former.

Eternal Creator ! be thou the guardian of Emily ! Whisper the danger of erring youth ! bless her visions with chaste delight, and breathe thy wondrous influence on her soul, gently as air wafts the dew of the morning !

Hourly struggling to forget that charming creature, I sank wearied with each day, and arose with the dawn to love and despair. Carried into the intellectual fields of the past by the power of memory, I sat on my little stone window seat till the clock at midnight struck one—one, and no more !—what a warning does it leave on the mind !—my meditations were broken, I prepared for repose,

pose, when I saw a paper lying on the floor, I eagerly carried my eye to the subscription without glancing at the contents—It was EMILY, my dearest Emily!—Pressing her name to my lips with a rapture that in a moment bore me above the sense of imprisonment, I hurried hastily round my cell, nor once recollected in my transport that wherever my Emily was I could not be!—I was too full of pleasure to sit down coolly to the enjoyment of it; my breath grew short, my heart fluttered, and I again opened the paper as if fearful of increasing the wild emotions that had already so expanded my love-sick soul.—I, at last, with tears trembling in my eyes, read—

“Cruel Cordelier!

“You have disappointed my warm-
“est wishes, the failure of your dis-

C 6

“appoint-

“ appointment, at twelve last night,
 “ has robbed me of hope—I was at
 “ the garden-gate from eleven till
 “ one, and have taken a final adieu
 “ of happiness since it was in your
 “ power alone to bless,

Your affectionate

EMILY.”

Here was distraction!—Ye who
 have felt the anguish of disastrous
 love! Ye, whose sighs have been un-
 pitied, while the hand of fate hath
 secretly torn your bosoms, mourn
 with me!

For Emily had my prayer arose!
 With Emily had I hoped to taste the
 joys of pure affection; where now is
 her heart? where her exalted senti-
 ments, where her gentle vows, where
 those soft endearments with which
 she

she once soothed me, till transport threw affliction from my bosom?—All is this vile Cordelier's—The dreadful work of seducing her once spotless mind was reserved for him, while I, through every vicissitude, have been vainly nursing her image, till it is become incorporated with my being—Lovely, faithless maid! how bitter hast thou made my remaining hours!

I lamented the discovery—railed at the Cordelier, resolved to hate Emily, or, which was more congenial to the violence that raged within me, resolved to make her mine at the expence of my honour; should chance ever afford me the revengeful opportunity. What fantastic ideas were these for a man in my situation! Yet, so does the human mind often amuse itself with trifles while labouring under

der great calamity ; I ought to have delivered the papers belonging to the Marquis to his brother. It had been driven from my memory by the dismal events which had filled the preceding day. Little regret was now occasioned by this reflection. The friendship of the Cordelier no longer gave me pleasure. Love was banished from my soul, and vice seized the heart that had enthroned an angel ! —I sickened with ingratitude, I grew impure :—Wonderful is the mechanism of nature, unsearchable the human mind. Love that gives birth to every virtue, to delicacy, sentiment, and the nameless graces that gild the world, left me a prey to the poisoned passions of evil, else how could I hate the Cordelier only because he was beloved by Emily ?

Morning

Morning arose more joyless than I had ever known it, and a confusion of voices poured through the passage—I sat in my cell sullenly daring the worst, when I heard the name of Malnor hastily pronounced—Doors, which I had not heard sound since my confinement, were now thrown open, and I found by the increasing din, that the guards were advancing towards the cell of the departed Marquis. The Governor’s voice grew distinct; he mentioned me, and I fancied myself a devoted victim to the escape of Malnor. While I feigned a repose my senses could not taste, the Governor found me reclined on the bed of wretchedness, ordered the guards to retire and accosted me politely.—

“Sir, can you command me in any thing that will oblige you?”

“Sir,

“ Sir, I have a lively sense of the
“ honor you do me, and thank you
“ most sincerely,” replied I, with a
troubled look—He gazed attentively
in my face—I felt as if Malnor could
be seen through my eyes, and blushed
at a deception so laudable in itself.
Had the Governor seized this moment
of feeling, and boldly dared me with
the question, I should firmly have
confessed a conduct which gave me
secret pleasure; but happily that mo-
ment passed on, and the blush left
my cheek as my emotions subsided.

“ You are distressed, Sir, said the
“ Governor; I am equally so, but
“ for very different reasons. You
“ will be treated with lenity; I have
“ orders for its being so. The cause
“ of your confinement is perhaps
“ unknown to you, for the intrigues
“ of

“ of the cabinet are inexplicable,
 “ and it may afford you but little
 “ consolation to know your imprison-
 “ ment will last *for ever!*

I shuddered at the word.

“ I know mankind, am acquaint-
 “ ed, well acquainted with the pas-
 “ sions, and since you may despair
 “ of ever returning to the world, I
 “ will, from that very despair, hope
 “ for the honour of your confidence,
 “ in return I offer you mine.”

What floods of thought came pour-
 ing on my soul at this declaration! I
 could form nothing clear—All my
 powers were enveloped by a gloom
 through which I could not discern one
 ray of hope; enclosed *for ever!* cut
 off so suddenly from society, and no
 object

object to pursue whose excellence could lead me progressively from the black temptations forming around ! The Governor hoped much from my despair ; he did suppose I had already prepared myself for villainy, and that the banished Emily had drawn after her my whole train of virtues. His proposal came well-timed—It was seasonably abrupt, couched in language frank and easy, and I exchanged my faith with him, a faith that had no principle for its basis, a friendship uncemented by truth. The Governor bargained only with my despair.

After some little pause, he mentioned the escape of Malnor, adding,
“ the soldier was poor, I made him
“ useful from his necessity, he was
“ by nature too humane for my purposes, and if I only could be in-
“ formed

“formed how he left the castle, I
“should not much regret his loss.”

“What was his crime, Sir?” said I
with perturbation; “Of no magnitude
“--Almost nothing. He was only
“met conducting a royal fugitive
“through the woods, whose name
“and quality we believe him to be a
“stranger to, but fearing he should
“have discerned too much, we kept
“him a prisoner.”

“Did he never own himself ac-
“quainted with his employer? or
“did you never put him to the ques-
“tion?”

“We strained him a little, but
“his honest simplicity convinced us
“he was ignorant of saving a man
“whose existence at this moment
“causes inquietude in the bosom of
“our king—I shall use every means
“to detect him, though he deserves
“a better fate.”

Politely

Politely wishing me a good morning, the Governor withdrew, and left me to the mortifying thought, that Malnor alone could have informed me of my father; and, as if Providence meant to sport with me, I had been the instrument of his escape—My father! my injured father!—But what have I to do with tender ideas! Why should I indulge the soft affections? There exists not an object in the universe who will own itself in sympathy with me. No! I am forgot, despised, rejected, I have been indulging only the vision of love. I have cherished only an image while another possesses the substance. I have cheated myself; my force of soul is gone! and I am too enervated ever to look up the rugged heights of virtue.

Thus

Thus I raved awhile, and to those joyless murmurs succeeded confused plans of vengeance. “*Last night at the garden gate*” did Emily wait, and not wait for *me*! Where is the garden gate? Hastily opening the letter a second time, I read it over with care, but the silent messenger had gained no new intelligence. The date was prior to my confinement; and how the letter came into my apartment was with me an undetermined point. It was probable the Cordelier had unknowingly dropped it; but how could Emily form an assignation? Why did she not still love me? What had I done? I was only become unfortunate!—Yes—Heaven chose to render me unhappy, Emily chose the Cordelier should make her faithless—Woman! Woman! why wert thou created!

In

In the great journey of life, man frequently passes by the bliss he had long pursued ; either he is insensible to its near approach, or from some fatal timidity fears to seize it. There was a time I could have been as favored as this Cordelier, but that hour is gone.—Here am I to remain for ever ! These meditations availed me not, apathy was the sole comfort that offered.

From this period I was treated with respect by the guards, and with indulgence by the Governor ; the latter in confidence, conducted me into several apartments of the castle, hitherto concealed. Many noble and majestic forms, who seemed dignified by woe, appeared to my view ; among others, a masculine figure caught my attention, his features and his attitude, as
I looked

I looked at him, suffered no change,
all were uniformly resolved,

Mild resignation, (wiser than despair,)
Subdu'd the sigh, and check'd the fruitless
tear.

Vengeance no longer could his bosom warm,
His passions withered in his dauntless form.
Hope left his heart, yet patience met the rod,
And prov'd the man a particle of God.

We fixed our eyes on each other ;
our silence was interesting to the
heart : bowing with that mournful
reverence, which is ever due to digni-
fied misery, I reluctantly followed the
Governor. Some apartments, which
were situated on the south side of the
castle, I perceived he did not incline
I should enter. Naturally, I wished to
enter them, so prevalent is the mind
to hunger after what it is denied ;
but, for this time, I was obliged to
forego my curiosity, and to be satisf-
fied

fied with what the Governor chose to afford. I quietly followed him, and he led me through a subterraneous passage, arched, and glittering with webs full of unwholesome droppings. The time was noon, yet so horribly dark was this passage, that a lamp was kept burning, and feeble was the lustre it gave.

We stopped at the end of this long vault, and my conductor made me observe a small door so finely contrived, and so shadowed by the artist, that it wore the semblance of gothic stone, and appeared but as an entire part of this ancient structure. I should have passed it unperceived, had not the Governor slipped back a private spring, and opened it to awaken my curiosity. We descended by a flight of steps. The air that met us was
cold,

cold, damp, and of that sickly kind which bursts from a newly opened tomb. I began to think the Governor had a design upon my life, and resolved, if so, he should buy it; my surmise was unjust. Finding we had at length reached the floor, and discerning no glimpse of day, I enquired in what part of the castle we were, and for what purpose this horrid dungeon was designed. The Governor informed me it was an apartment seldom occupied, and never but by those who were under the necessity of taking an abrupt leave. While he was speaking, I fancied there was a rustling noise behind me, I started, the Governor smiled, asked me if I was afraid of rats, at the same moment removing some massy bars, he threw back the shutter of a little window, or rather hole, which opened

on the ocean. It was strongly grated with iron; the space from the sea, which was not above two toises, was formed of solid rock, which served as a bulwark to the foundations of the castle, and against whose foot the billows continually wasted their force. Hence could no human voice ascend to society: the lamentations of death were but whispers here, and here might famine perform unmolested her slow and awful work.—When a brave man falls in battle, the glory of his deeds shine through his disastrous fate, and his friends feel a consolation in the retrospect of his conduct—But *here* oblivion fed in all her native darkness, and quietly prolonged the horrors of her victim.

Trembling with terror, I hastened towards the stone stairs by which we

had

had descended, and left the Governor to replace the window-shutter by himself, as he best understood the work. In hurrying up the stairs, I saw a small wire lying in the dust. I caught it up undiscovered by the Governor—It drew a miniature after it, which was rusted and disfigured, and which caution at this moment not suffering me to look at, I eagerly thrust into my pocket.

The Governor having made the window secure, I waited for him to lead me through further discoveries. As I stood on the last stair a deep groan I was certain stole upon my ear; I again descended in haste fearing the Governor might have hurt himself with the bar. I met him coming up quite unconcerned, and when I mentioned the circumstance, was told,

D 2

with

with the utmost *sang froid*, that groans would become more familiar to me as I became a more constant and peaceful inhabitant of the castle. Death is invisible in his labors, said I to myself; silence may benefit, complainings will not avail me.

“ I can lounge no longer with you now,” said the Governor. “ Do me
 “ the favor of dining with me. If
 “ your taste for pleasure is adapted
 “ to mine, you may be happy, if
 “ not, you may with little exertion
 “ create misery for yourself. I leave
 “ you to your choice, for whatever
 “ be your pursuit, you shall not interrupt mine. I mean not to be
 “ impolite, Monsieur, I only treat
 “ you with frankness, that I may in
 “ the shortest manner be understood.”
 “ Do

“ Do with me as you please, I
 “ once revered the excellence of
 “ human nature, I now am ready to
 “ exclaim with Brutus,

“ O virtue! I have adored thee,”

“ At last I fear thou art but a name!”

“ Guilt is fashionable, beauty wears
 “ it, I can adapt my taste to hers.—”

“ To whose?” said the Governor,
 laughing at my vehemence.

“ To—” I looked at him wildly
 for a moment.

“ Come, come, your whole soul
 “ has some time or other been dis-
 “ solved by tenderness—You are jea-
 “ lous, I suppose, or angry with the
 “ beloved object—Come, we will
 “ dine as happily as we can; if I can
 “ procure you any blessing, (but
 “ that of liberty,) I will not with-hold
 “ it from you.”

D 3

Thou

Thou art a master of the passions, the springs of the heart are thine, and knowledge, I fear, hath been bought by thee at an inestimable price !

Reflecting thus, I followed my conductor, who seated me at a splendid table, where luxurious viands and exhilarating wines conspired, for the hour, to chase sorrow from the soul. Ease and charming conviviality sat on the brow of the Governor—At that moment, surrounded by fainting wretches who had no cause to waft his name to the gates of heaven, he talked of men and things. Observing he was in a communicative mood, I respectfully requested him to give me his history—Smiling, with the utmost good humour, he replied,

“ You

“ You lay early exactions on my
“ friendship, but you will find in
“ Dormoud a mind that shrinks from
“ nothing: a miser creeps cautiously
“ through the circles of mankind,
“ observes the variety of action per-
“ formed by individuals, seeks only
“ one gratification, dallies only with
“ those from whom he may cull the
“ golden harvest, and returns laden
“ to his dark chamber, where he
“ gives a loose to those transports his
“ treasure excites; the rapture his
“ own; the heap his universe—I am
“ that miser.”

“ ’Tis impossible!” said I, while
my eyes roved o’er the splendor and
magnificence of taste with which we
were surrounded.

“ I am that miser,” continued he.
“ I have deceived and laughed at the
“ world from which I have accumu-

“ lated every hour. My nerve of
“ intellect is strong. I have used it
“ to one sole purpose.”

“ And to what purpose?”

“ Pleasure—I am a cormorant in
“ pleasure. I know no enjoyment
“ in gold further than it has been
“ exchanged for happy purposes.
“ Truth, principle, virtue, all those
“ sounds of which the self-denying
“ appear to be so fond, I consider as
“ restraints for which we need not
“ design ourselves—To give happiness
“ to our fellow creatures is all
“ we ought to live for. I, therefore,
“ lulled the artless, humoured the
“ weak, soothed the languishment of
“ lovely woman, and thought myself
“ justified; with these feelings, Monsieur,
“ I own I might have been
“ blest, but the ambition of general
“ conquest too soon mingled itself
“ with

“ with my passions, and the moment
“ I raised my eyes from the humble
“ valley of delight towards its dan-
“ gerous summit, I became more and
“ more restless through every grada-
“ tion, and such must be the effect
“ with all who early pursue pleasure.
“ Too often I found exalted souls on
“ which I could not act, beings who
“ possessed a power repulsive to all
“ my machinations; happy in them-
“ selves, I could not draw them from
“ reserve; they noticed me not, or
“ heard me only with indications of
“ contempt. Hating the mind that
“ had power thus to raise itself above
“ me, I scorned to adore it, conse-
“ quently you may conceive me
“ seeking pleasure from weaker ob-
“ jects. My passions were high, my
“ form not disagreeable, my educa-
“ tion had been fashionable, I was

“ methodised into address, and every
“ rule deemed polite was mine.
“ With these advantages, I approach-
“ ed the court; here formed by Na-
“ ture for voluptuousness, I expanded
“ my views: I looked on Louis as
“ my equal in the field of gallantry.
“ I observed the pageantry of the
“ great, and pronounced it the gild-
“ ing of hearts like my own. Pro-
“ fusion, humility with man, and
“ attention to woman, soon procured
“ me access to the circles of the
“ highest fashion, and Larissa, the
“ charming Larissa, ranked me in
“ the suite of her admirers.

“ Hid in elegant gardens at a small
“ distance from court, this beloved
“ favourite of Louis was, on account
“ of the factions gathering over
“ France, too frequently neglected
“ by

“ by the Monarch, yet her power
 “ was great, her fascination irresist-
 “ able ; at least I felt it so, and with
 “ my usual beneficence of temper,
 “ resolved to alleviate the tender de-
 “ jection Lariffa might feel in the
 “ absence of the King. Gold she
 “ could not be in want of, and strange
 “ as my purpose may seem, I wished
 “ to gain her through the more gen-
 “ tle avenues of sentiment. This
 “ prelude I soon found unnecessary ;
 “ Lariffa had long forsaken, or had
 “ never possessed the angelic delicacy
 “ which secures the mind of man. I
 “ rivalled Louis, and was a short
 “ time enraptured with Lariffa.

“ The Duke of B***** taking
 “ me one day aside, told me I had
 “ long engaged his notice.

D 6 “ I have

“ I have but one recommendation,
 “ my Lord Duke,” bowing as I recommended myself.

‘ What is that Monsieur Doremond ?’

“ Affection for the Duke of B****,
 “ I will lure his mistress to his arms,
 “ or kill his enemy, I wear a smile,
 “ and I wear a sword.”—

‘ Agreed, I will employ you, in
 ‘ return command my interest with
 ‘ the King.’

“ On further intimacy, I found the
 “ Duke had indulged himself more in
 “ the social virtues (I must use that
 “ word) than in capacious pleasure;
 “ he was tender, humane, unsuspecting,
 “ full of courage and as full of
 “ pity. Such a character the world
 “ deems amiable, for me it contained
 “ materials on which I resolved to erect
 “ my fabric of ambition. We made a
 “ long

“ long excursion over the country,
 “ and I was walking one day with him
 “ near Rochelle, in the forest of ****,
 “ a sigh stole from his heart, and he
 “ addressed me in a melancholy tone.”

‘ Monsieur Dormoud, in the
 ‘ friendship I have for you is lost
 ‘ the sense of inequality. I would
 ‘ repose my cares in your bosom :
 ‘ fated with splendor, fatigued with
 ‘ state, and disturbed by the grow-
 ‘ ing commotions of France, I lan-
 ‘ guish for softer enjoyments. My
 ‘ rank, my character, my firmest
 ‘ resolutions have proved insufficient
 ‘ to shield me from the impressions
 ‘ of beauty. I love ! Dormoud, I
 ‘ love without hope, and without
 ‘ strength to disengage myself.’

“ Name the fair enslaver, my Lord
 “ Duke, Dormoud may assist you.”

‘ Ah, my friend! I am not my-
‘ self acquainted with her name;
‘ hunting in this forest of * * * *,
‘ my horse in full spirit carried me
‘ from my friends and retinue; I
‘ did not regret the incident, while
‘ I enjoyed the view of a fine coun-
‘ try. I rode on till my horse again
‘ caught the sound of the horn, when
‘ gazing round at the romantic wild-
‘ ness of nature, I saw a lovely maid
‘ without sense or motion lying on
‘ the turf; her steed had thrown
‘ her and coursed it through the
‘ thickets, as if rejoiced to have
‘ left behind him his charming mis-
‘ tress: instantaneously alighting, I
‘ raised her from the earth, inno-
‘ cence pleaded in her languid fea-
‘ tures: I softly laid my lips to her
‘ cheek with all the adoration due
‘ to heavenly purity, and, holding
‘ her

‘ her to my bosom, impatiently
 ‘ watched the dawn of light that
 ‘ should break from her eyes—She
 ‘ opened them, my soul drank their
 ‘ fires till my peace was lost ! Abash-
 ‘ ed and blushing to find herself in
 ‘ the arms of a man, her senses had
 ‘ nearly once more forsook her. Re-
 ‘ spectfully loosing her from my
 ‘ throbbing heart, I stood motionless
 ‘ and incapable of an explanation.
 ‘ ‘Where am I,’ said she, drawing
 ‘ her hand cross her forehead, ‘ can
 ‘ you, Sir, say how came I here ?’

‘ She hesitated as if endeavouring
 ‘ to rouse the powers of memory ; I
 ‘ related the situation in which I found
 ‘ her ; relieving her apprehensions
 ‘ by most solemn assurances of ho-
 ‘ nour—How lovely is woman when
 ‘ unartful ! my friends were near,
 ‘ the

‘ the hounds awakened echo from
‘ the hills to proclaim their ap-
‘ proach. I felt for the reputation
‘ of the lady, my friends were men
‘ of fashion and gallantry, who never
‘ took leisure to reflect, or draw
‘ from the blended snare of passion
‘ and habit that sublime veneration
‘ claimed by the unsullied mind.
‘ The delicacy of the gentle maid
‘ took the alarm, her horse had not ap-
‘ peared, nor could I quit her to seek
‘ him, hastily casting her eyes over
‘ the plain as if wishing some other
‘ protector, she incoherently apolo-
‘ gised—and, half breathless, con-
‘ cluded ‘ Yonder, Sir, is a house
‘ belonging to my father’s verderer.
‘ I give you much uneasiness, I per-
‘ ceive you are as much confused as
‘ I am; will you be content with
‘ my poor thanks? they are grate-
‘ ful—

‘ful—I will ever think of you with
‘esteem.’

‘Unwilling to reveal my rank I
‘struggled with my emotions; caught
‘her look of gratitude, hung on
‘her voice as she bade me farewell,
‘and setting spurs to my horse,
‘rejoined my friends’—here the
Duke paused.

“You have power,” said I, “and
“power alone is sufficient to accom-
“plish every wish in France.”

‘The heart must be soothed, Dor-
‘moud. Love disdains the fetters
‘of power: I would not rudely
‘seize blessing which is only valuable
‘when mutually exchanged.’

“I laughed at his scruples, and re-
“solved to behold the beauty of which
“the

“ the Duke gave me so inflaming a picture”—He resumed.

‘ Can you procure me, or advise me how to gain an interview with my fair conqueror ?’

“ I will think of it, my Lord, but am this evening engaged.”

‘ With your politic mistress, Larissa, I suppose—beware Dromond !—Should our jealous Monarch surprise you, you will never please a King’s favourite more ; and if proving to you the ingratitude, coarseness and insensibility of Larissa, will timely secure you from so dangerous an amour, I will display those defects in that enchantress.’

“ My pride was wounded, to share her affections with a King was secretly

“cretly my glory : to find her uni-
 “versal in her objects humbled me.”

“The Duke smiled, enjoyed my
 “confusion, and carelessly drawing
 “from his pocket a billet-doux, read :

‘To the Duke of B.

‘Louis is indisposed and ordered
 ‘by his physician to reside a few
 ‘weeks at Versailles ; *le cheval a bien*
 ‘*fourni sa carriere, je ne veux pas qu*
 ‘*on me trompe, vous etes un bon seconde ;*
 ‘the great Conde is gone, the car-
 ‘dinal is with the King—*Il faut*
 ‘*donner quelques momens à la joye & à*
 ‘*l’amour, oui, j’aime ; allons à*

‘LARISSA.’

“Did you obey this summons, my
 “Lord ?”

‘Call it an invitation,’ said the Duke,
 smiling at the abruptness of my ques-
 tion, ‘I perceive you do not wish
 ‘for

“ for an affirmative, but would
“ Dormoud have refused,” continued
he, with an air of triumph.

“ Hate, jealousy and revenge began
“ to kindle within me ; the Duke di-
“ verted himself at my expence, ral-
“ lied, laughed, trifled with my sul-
“ lenness, and with the utmost indif-
“ ference went on :

“ Fair without virtue, without peace she’s
“ great,
“ False in her love, inhuman in her hate ;
“ So early train’d in falsehood’s baneful school,
“ She charms alike the Monarch and the Fool.

“ Imagining myself pointed at, I
“ burned with rage, yet was obliged
“ to be silent. I had entangled the
“ Duke in the web of confidence, but
“ dared not oppose him ; Larissa had
“ ensnared the King, while she was
“ raising me to a summit, from which
“ I could look down on powerless
“ virtue,

“ virtue, and often was the honest
“ pride of worth insulted by my con-
“ tempt. But the Duke was yet my su-
“ perior—Politely wishing me a fair
“ evening, he left me, I stole to La-
“ rissa. Reclined in her farthest apart-
“ ment, adorned but with the loveli-
“ ness of a dishabille, she arose, and
“ welcomed me after the manner of
“ France. All was still, save soft music
“ in an antichamber, the sounds of
“ which were calculated to melt the
“ soul to the latest ebb of languish-
“ ment; and thus dissolved with un-
“ attended beauty who could soar be-
“ yond the scene?—yet, my assurances
“ and proofs of fidelity and love ap-
“ peared inadequate to Larissa’s af-
“ fection. I patiently heard her gentle
“ reprovings, felt them just, but en-
“ deavoured to remind her that mu-
“ tual happiness could only be born
“ of mutual faith, that love alone was
“ the

“ the source of constancy, and that
 “ various passions ran round the heart
 “ of man in such regular rotation, that
 “ he could not either love or hate
 “ longer than the influence of the then
 “ reigning passion was dealt to him.—
 “ Whether the opinion of Lariffa va-
 “ ried from my theory ; or, whether
 “ she wisely judged that love is not
 “ eternal, and that mutual faith dies
 “ away, we know not how, I was at a
 “ loss to determine. I was only cer-
 “ tain, that as I sat listening to her
 “ chidings the sound of the music
 “ seemed to labour into harshness and
 “ discordance, nor did Lariffa herself
 “ appear so attractive as I thought she
 “ might, if dressed by the cooler hand
 “ of prudence.

“ Ah, Lariffa !” said I, “ with an
 “ involuntary peevishness, if lovely
 “ woman

“ woman would preserve her empire
 “ she must be virtuous !”

“ What malicious dæmon could put
 “ such an aukward sentence into my
 “ mouth at such a moment ? Lariffa
 “ was fired, she upbraided me with
 “ obligations ; despised my mercenary
 “ passion, hated, smiled, wept, again
 “ soothed me by her softness, and
 “ was convinced I was her slave.”

In spite of my cares I could not
 help smiling at Dormoud’s pleasantry,
 he continued—

“ Aye, aye, Monsieur, we may
 “ boast supremacy, rely on our
 “ strength, and endeavour to lessen
 “ woman, but we are her dupes,
 “ why ?—because her powers are
 “ light, delicate, and exquisitely
 “ wrought ;

“ wrought ; ours slow, obtuse, solid
“ and considerate, while man is plod-
“ ding how to creep after event,
“ woman trifles with him, dazzles
“ his judgment, skips over him, and
“ seizes her point with agility—fools
“ that we are !”

What stoic could confine his muscles of risibility at this harangue of Dormoud, so full of nature, truth and self-mortification ? He proceeded.—

“ Aurora now threw her blushes
“ into the apartment of Larissa ; they
“ suddenly tinged the cheek of my
“ fair mistress, mine caught the glow
“ and I retired. On passing through
“ the garden where the flowers, un-
“ heedful of erring man, threw their
“ odours to the sun, I was met by a
“ page who surveyed me with silent
“ curiosity.

“ curiosity. Passing him with feign-
 “ ed compofure, I haftened from a
 “ spot where danger was awake ; on
 “ this fingle moment hung the fate
 “ of Lariffa. But man was made
 “ to go forward, not one fhall go
 “ back through his yefterday. Wife
 “ is he who makes ufe of the hour
 “ and refolves to be bleft. I had
 “ left Lariffa, convinced I had left
 “ her to new and ever-changing
 “ wifhes, equally flexible with the
 “ ties that held me when near her.
 “ The tender vows I had breathed in
 “ her bofom were diffolved in the paff
 “ moment ; no trace remained of her
 “ late-bewildering power in a mind
 “ naturally prone to inconfancy.
 “ The Duke of B***** was no ad-
 “ vocate for Lariffa or licentious
 “ pleafure ; his power was great with
 “ the King, and with the thinking
 VOL. I. E “ part

“ part of France, and often would
“ he imperceptibly lead the Monarch
“ from the fascinations of a mistress,
“ who, on account of her mean ex-
“ traction, hated the noblesse. Lariffa
“ had her intervals of conquest; her
“ arts were those of circumvention,
“ and she ridiculed the Duke while
“ she blinded the enamoured Mo-
“ narch. I had early renounced
“ moral obligation; my heart was
“ unawed. I loved pleasure; my
“ vices were but individually dan-
“ gerous: I was not set up as an
“ example for a nation, but Kings
“ seldom know how to value merit,
“ when like an angel it stands warn-
“ ing their desires. The machina-
“ tions of Lariffa against the Duke
“ did not prolong her empire; her
“ dye was cast. Louis returned; his
“ illness had been slight, his cares
“ returned;

“ returned ; he treated them, as all
 “ men should treat care, a proof of
 “ which I will give you in his gal-
 “ lant stile. This letter was written
 “ on the eve of his arrival to La-
 “ rissa, who impatiently expected to
 “ see the King in a few hours lan-
 “ guishing at her feet ; she favoured
 “ me with a copy, I will favour
 “ you with *the lesson* it may afford.”

“ I thank you, Sir, your manner
 ‘ of instruction is new.’—Great in-
 consistence I thought appeared in
 Dormoud.—He read—

4th MAY.

‘ I am recovered, dear Larissa,
 “ and am only a little sorry I re-
 ‘ turn not to a heart once offered
 ‘ me, and gratefully accepted ; with
 ‘ me I wished Larissa to lose every
 E 2 ‘ desire

' desire of change. Could lovely
 ' woman be secured by splendour,
 ' you had still been mine. My hope
 ' arose from self-love. Charming
 ' Lariffa, I own impossibilities. I
 ' acquit you, and throw your incon-
 ' stancy on the grand versatility of
 ' nature. When was man chained to
 ' your sex by gratitude? Have I
 ' not loved, and left more than you?
 ' Agreeable to your taste you pre-
 ' fer ***** to a King. I blame
 ' you not; we delight in change;
 ' may the happiness of Lariffa keep
 ' pace with the swift emotions of
 ' her heart when it pursues new ob-
 ' jects.

I am,

' L*****.'

" With this billet the generous
 " Monarch sent presents to Lariffa,
 " worthy

“ worthy his magnificence, wishing
 “ her to seek an asylum far from the
 “ dangerous pleasures of royalty.
 “ Lariffa depended on the charms of
 “ her of person, looked forward to
 “ new victories, left the scene of
 “ past delight with indifference and
 “ in a few years sank pale and de-
 “ jected within the walls of poverty.
 “ Better had it been for Lariffa, had
 “ she early sheltered her beauties and
 “ her virtue in the bosom of hum-
 “ ble worth. Spotless would have
 “ been her morning, glorious her
 “ meridian, and she would have
 “ sank in the evening of life like a
 “ sun whose warmth had cheered the
 “ world and whose departing rays
 “ we mourn.”

I could no longer conceal my as-
 tonishment, I applauded the elegant

language and fine comparisons of Dormoud, a man who had professed himself an unprincipled voluptuary ! —Encouraged by his frankness, I interrupted him by remarking what I thought inconsistent, but he was truly paced in the ways of men, and proceeded :

“ Mine is the language of the
“ world : my theory is for others,
“ my practice for myself ; every hu-
“ man being is distinct, and it in-
“ variably is seen through the uni-
“ verse, that no two persons shall
“ move in a parallel line. Single
“ in feeling, diversified in idea, and
“ totally opposite in mental power,
“ the train of one man’s action shall
“ not serve another.—I reason like
“ a moralist. I have that privilege.
“ I am not a moralist further than
“ precept

“ precept serves my turn ; such is
“ every man, and he deceives when
“ he persuades you he is attempting
“ at more.—No further can human
“ nature go, though many sacrifice
“ more to the opinions of society
“ than I do. For the reasons I have
“ given, the fate of Lariffa afford-
“ ed no lesson for me, and I only
“ mean to say, what Lariffa might
“ have been had her train of action
“ been what it was not. Infamy
“ has planted her cannon against the
“ reputation of woman ; man is se-
“ cured by the laws himself has
“ made ; yet, there is a wonderful
“ fallacy in his system of virtue,
“ when he pockets ten thousand
“ pounds from a friend, merely for
“ sharing in his wife’s dishonor and
“ his own.”

Dormoud possessed every art of fascination, he lulled iniquity. I found relief in his sophistry. He helped to establish the late perversion of my principles. How feeble would a charming woman prove, while attending to him with sensibility till her soul dissolved! Dangerous ability! He had in history related an incident concerning Emily—Emily was the lovely maid found by the Duke in the forest; I knew it, and silently invoked heaven to protect her, though false to me.

“The mother of Larissa,” continued he, “was a servant in the convent of St. ***; the kitchen afforded her good living, good living filled her with good spirits, and good spirits led her after a well-meaning friar, to whom
“Louis

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" Louis, &c. &c. was indebted for
" Lariffa."

" It may be difficult," said L,
" to refuse the offers of royalty, but
" mankind will ever prefer humble
" innocence to the sullied charms of
" a King's mistress."

" No, no, Sir, you mistake—You
" speculate contrary to practice ; in-
" nocence may sleep for ever in her
" humble vale. Who seeks *her*
" friendship ? Who drinks the fra-
" grance of *her* breath ? Who wraps
" *her* miseries in the mantle of peace ?

" The mistress of a King has
" power—Many dependencies hang
" on a tarnished link—Many would
" acquire riches, but few possess
" them, by an acquaintance with
" innocence.

“innocence. Yet a court mistress,
“*disgraced*, when met in the walk of
“private life, all will avoid. When
“Lariffa fell from her summit, I fled
“from her endearments; unwilling
“to appear near the court where
“power was changing hands. New
“incidents and new troubles arose;
“the Fronde, an anti-ministerial party
“daily gained strength, the Minister
“disagreed with Turenne, and
“many brave men who had seemed
“listless while their Sovereign was
“happy, now gathered round the
“helm to guide him through his
“troubles. Among the latter class
“was my quondam friend the Duke.
“If I could have loved strong virtue
“under any shape, I should have ad-
“mired and pitied his attachment to
“his King. I loved not his amiable
“qualities,

“ qualities, though I resolved to
“ love and to possess his mistress.

“ Though I had been observed by
“ the King’s page in the garden of
“ Lariffa, his Majesty never took
“ notice of me as a rival. Perhaps
“ he thought me too contemptible,
“ or not esteeming Lariffa enough to
“ depend on her for happiness, plea-
“ santly left us to try how long we
“ could love. After she had set off
“ for less brilliant scenes, I returned,
“ and continued to promote my in-
“ terest at court, by flattering those
“ I despised, and fawning on those
“ who mistook servility for respect.
“ But the Duke had irritated me.
“ He had asserted that Dormoud was
“ too far corrupted ever to be re-
“ claimed by friendship or example,
“ and had for some time avoided me

“ in public. Sensible that one of us
“ must go down the wind of favour,
“ I was not long hesitating ; my ac-
“ tions wore a deeper dye than those
“ of the Duke. He might have
“ ruined me with truth. Virtue had
“ rendered his soul too dignified to
“ enter into a competition with Dor-
“ mould, whose mines were working
“ at the foundations of his perfection.
“ In plunging him from his heights,
“ truth was not on my side, but cun-
“ ning and chance gave me success.—
“ Louis had secrets, the multitude
“ had no right to search for them,
“ they were the secrets of necessity ;
“ the Duke knew this, was faithful
“ to his Monarch, concealed his
“ faults, revered his virtues, and
“ breathed his public fame.

“ This

“ This noble conduct, trusted to
“ itself, became the food of those
“ who prey on garbage. The Chan-
“ cellor le Tellier viewed him with a
“ jealous eye. That wily politician
“ had been entrusted by the Queen
“ Regent with a secret of the greatest
“ importance, and the handsome de-
“ portment, together with the abili-
“ ties of the Duke, made the states-
“ man tremble lest the latter should
“ supplant him.—I was employed to
“ pry into the springs of action that
“ were hourly moving, and particu-
“ larly ordered to render the Duke
“ unpopular. He had in some affairs
“ managed part of the state reve-
“ nues. The magnificence of Louis
“ brought his coffers low; for the
“ exhausted sums I blamed the Duke,
“ and for the late disgrace of minis-
“ ters condemned him. Murmurs
“ arose;

“ arose. Supported in secret by the
“ Chancellor, I grew bolder in my
“ assertions, and loudly criminated a
“ man to whose excellence I never
“ could arrive. He saw my artifice,
“ was too brave to soothe, contemn-
“ ed me too much to upbraid, and
“ after treating me with silent though
“ ineffable scorn, left the field of
“ princely favours to more greedy
“ strugglers, and retired to the Ne-
“ therlands, resolving to forget his
“ hopeless passion and his King.

“ Envy will follow for ever the
“ character that has once gained an
“ eminence over her *horde*. Ask her
“ why a wise man leaves the noisy
“ circle? Her answer will be ‘to in-
“ dulse his pride, his discontent, his
“ avarice, or his imbecility. He is,
“ in brief, welcome to retire. He

“ no

“ no longer adores or fears me.”
“ But ask the wise man why he leaves
“ the world ! and he will reply, ‘ I
“ have tasted joy, I have tasted sor-
“ row ; I have been despised and re-
“ spected ; loved, was beloved in
“ return ; and now having lost the
“ objects I adored ; see a futility in
“ life to which I cannot descend.’ ”

“ I do not,” continued the Gover-
nor, “ mean to prove that these were
“ exactly the sentiments of the Duke ;
“ but, I can assure you, that his de-
“ parture did not cure the Chancellor ;
“ for his jealousy, his envy, with
“ some other fears arising from state
“ intrigue, followed the Duke ; and
“ should he now be found, his death
“ alone, I believe, would hush the
“ cares his existence causes in the
“ bosoms of le Tellier and the King
“ —but

“ —but there are a few more who
 “ are equally burthensome, and that
 “ must be taken off—Your glass
 “ waits you, Monsieur, drink to the
 “ oblivion of care ; a more commo-
 “ dious apartment is preparing for
 “ you in the fifth range towards the
 “ east ; and after giving you every
 “ assurance of my favour, consistent
 “ with my situation, I will, when
 “ you please, conduct you to repose.”

Observing Dormoud made a full
 pause, as if hesitating whether he
 should confide further in his new ac-
 quaintance, I arose, thanked him for
 his candour as he conducted me to
 my chamber, and was much consoled
 by his repeated asseverations of future
 friendship. Where is the man whose
 fancy grown sick with sorrow will
 not exaggerate the image of comfort,
 and

and raise her pigmy joy too high for his attachment? It is ever so: imagination is too strong in her colouring. I was revived by Dormoud, and forgot the dreadful sentence of imprisonment for ever. Why, said I to myself, is this man a villain? Why should he boastingly violate those duties the self-denying struggle to fulfil!

Dear spirit of refinement, from wherever thou hast chosen thy pure celestial dwelling, descend, touch the coarser powers of Dormoud, and lead thy fair ideas through the corrupted region of his mind! From thee, bright form of innocence, fly the brutal shadows that darken the bosom of man. Thine are the grand, the energetic, the invisible! Thou art the soul of the world!

But

But what have I to do with refinement? Have I not lost Emily? A long fit of abstraction fell on my mind as this question, prompted by despair, suggested itself—I sat some moments gazing at the waning candle, and at last put my hand in my pocket, with an intent to re-peruse the fatal note I had found, when, to my astonishment, I drew forth the picture of my mother! Saluting it—I felt it cold.—“Angel! thou art cold—lifeless as I one day must be!”—Strange as my description may appear, I thought the picture varied its looks as the emotions of my soul were impatient or resigned. The filth and rust it had accumulated in the steps of the dungeon I had visited with Dormoud, was in my pocket worn off, and the animated features spoke directly to my heart. “All is over,”

“over,” continued I, walking hastily, “a few months or weeks, and
 “then!” (throwing myself down on a sofa recently prepared for me in this elegant room.) “Here I am to
 “remain *for ever*!—but how came
 “my mother’s dear resemblance to
 “this dismal dwelling? Is this an
 “abode for so much beauty?—It is
 “impossible she can herself be here!
 “I will not think it. And yet I
 “heard a groan near that horrible
 “dungeon!—Good God defend her!
 “Hold me from madness! Where,
 “where shall I go!”—Imagination
 seemed to go out at this last idea, like
 an extinguished flame, and I fell into
 a sudden insensibility. How long I
 lay in this swoon or slumber, (I know
 not which) I could not recollect.
 When I recovered, a coldness had
 pervaded my whole frame—I was
 spiritless.

spiritlefs and feeble; all my unavailing though unruly passion had subsided, and I calmly reflected that life could not in this dreadful scene be of long continuance. That strong sympathy inherent in man, which makes him feel for others, works upon his own heart in a state of seclusion. He naturally wishes to lighten the burthen of his sorrows, and to share the pity he had lent the world. The idea of dying here unlamented and unknown, the more agonizing thought that my mother might be somewhere near me, inclined me to devise some expedient by which a knowledge of our fate might reach society. For this purpose, I resolved to throw together some transactions of my past life, and, after enclosing the picture, which was encircled by the name of my mother, in the midst of my little history,

history, to throw the packet into the sea.

The days of my infancy were spent in the forest of — near Rochelle, under the gentle tuition of an harmless peasant, who chearfully saw his flocks grazing round the hills, while his wife, after feeding her poultry, and gathering in their eggs, taught me my Primmer, and progressively my Bible. “Without reading good books,” (said this amiable rustic) “little master can never know the world.” I fancied at last my mistress improved herself as rapidly as she taught me. From this humble scene I was soon removed. A chariot, the first I had ever seen, came one morning to carry me from the humble cot of Jannette Froville, but I was not willing to go. I sat down, took my

my tame kid in my lap, and watched my nurse as she wandered round the house to collect my cloaths. The tears rolled so swiftly through her eyes she hardly could discern what she sought: nor did the coachman and servants appear to me half so manly in their taudry liveries as my dear plebeian Froville, who had so often taken me on his knee and warmed my infant hands in his bosom on a frosty morning, while he pressed his ruddy lips to my cheek. "No," said I, "the chariot shall go back till Janette has done crying."

"We must not drive back without you," replied the coachman.

"I would fain stay here till the lambs are weaned; besides my kid will pine to death,"

All

All my childish objections were over-ruled. Farmer Froville and his wife Jannette wept and prayed over me, and I was at last, with much reluctance, parted from all I then held dear, except my little tame kid, to whom I had given the name of Mayo, and who I earnestly requested should be my companion in the chariot. This was discussed elaborately by the servants; the coachman scorned to be the coachman of a kid, and the footman gave a supercilious smile at my idea of his riding behind one; but I resolved to be master in this case. I had no sense of blessings in future, my heart was palpitating with its present affections; I had enough to struggle with without being troubled with the impertinence of these men, and conquered them only by (what they called) sullen obstinacy. The
chariot

chariot rolled away—my eyes kept in view the house of Jannette, where health and innocence had fostered me; it gradually receded; she waved her handkerchief, I saw her no more. The tuft of trees that stood near our orchard, under which our sheep had gathered at noon, were rapidly passed by, and Mayo, though he loved me best, gave a farewell cry to his fleecy companions. Happy! happy scene! Thy joys were many, and thy evils few.

Our journey was long, the servants were dull; I was melancholy, and my kid, I believe, would rather have been skipping from rock to rock, than shut up with a fellow traveller so inimical to his lively nature. Our conductors, however, grew chearful on entering the capacious domains of
their

their master, of whom they spoke with reverence and love, and whose name was Count de Marfan. This nobleman was ready to receive me. He threw open the chariot door, caught me in his arms, and would have carried me into his house, but I was holding Mayo by a blue ribband, which was twisted round my hand. Finding himself tacitly condemned to carry us both, he applauded my tenderness, and set me gently on my feet.

“ Jannette Froville told me she
 “ was not my mother. Are you my
 “ father, that you kiss me so ? ”

“ I am not,” said the Gentleman,
 “ but while I exist, you shall not
 “ want a father.”

“ And will you provide for little
 “ Mayo ? ”

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“ I will

‘ I will love Mayo, because you
‘ love him—You must be educated;
‘ your kid shall be fed.’

“ I can read my Bible, Sir. Is
“ not that education, is not that
“ enough?”

‘ I will shew you our large parks,
‘ the deer, the great canal; with
‘ me you shall observe the rising and
‘ setting of the sun and moon; still
‘ you may read your Bible.’

I was contented.

After being led through the varie-
gated scenes that presented themselves
in succession to my dazzled imagina-
tion, taught to observe the opening
buds of nature, tints of the flower,
bark, and paintings in the gallery, I
was caressed, treated with sweetmeats,
and

and sent to the first school in Rochelle. Here, after acquiring the love of some of my school-fellows by my gentleness, and the fear of the refractory by my severity, I sat down quietly to my studies, and dearly did I soon prize the hours of meditation!—Nineteen summer suns had glided away, when I returned to my Guardian full of vigour, and free from vice. This inestimable friend possessed every accomplishment. He was polite, but he was sincere. While he charmed by his manners, he enforced that probity which dignifies man. I loved him. He pointed my strong ideas. He watched over my mind as its powers expanded; from the fallacy of conjecture he led me to demonstration; from the heat of prejudice to serenity of judgment; from superstition to morality; and while he

held to my reason the volume of the world, taught me to pity the feeble.

‘ Life is short, the poor pittance
 ‘ of seventy years is not worth being
 ‘ a villain for: what matters it if
 ‘ your neighbour lay interred in a
 ‘ splendid tomb. Sleep *you* with in-
 ‘ nocence: look behind you through
 ‘ the tracts of time, a vast desert of
 ‘ unnumbered ages lies open in the
 ‘ retrospect. Through this desert
 ‘ have your forefathers journeyed on,
 ‘ till wearied with years and sorrow
 ‘ they sank from the walk of man.
 ‘ You must leave them where they
 ‘ fell, and you are to go only a little
 ‘ further, where you will find eternal
 ‘ rest. Whatever you may encounter
 ‘ between the cradle and the grave,
 ‘ be not dismayed. The universe is
 ‘ in endless motion, every moment
 ‘ big

‘ big with innumerable events, which
 ‘ come not in slow succession, but
 ‘ bursting forcibly from a revolving
 ‘ and unknown cause, fly over this
 ‘ orb with diversified influence:
 ‘ should you be plunged into dis-
 ‘ agreeable circumstances, from those
 ‘ very circumstances may another be
 ‘ at that moment rising to the summit
 ‘ of his good fortune; so may your
 ‘ neighbour’s inconvenience prove
 ‘ beneficial to you. None can know
 ‘ the eternal purpose of existence;
 ‘ but there is a grand equilibrium pre-
 ‘ served by one mighty chain of de-
 ‘ pendencies. Look then at the uni-
 ‘ verse; limit not the view of your
 ‘ soul to one hemisphere; and ask
 ‘ your reason, if, in such awful re-
 ‘ volutions of worlds and their inha-
 ‘ bitants, pain and pleasure must not
 ‘ constitutionally affect you. Be ever

' fearless; yield reluctantly to the
 ' passions, increase the regions of the
 ' mind, and know that as you have
 ' no will to resist the power of death,
 ' death can be no evil further than it
 ' affects the imagination. To sleep,
 ' to go through various changes, or
 ' to wake everlastingly, is equally in-
 ' dependent of your will. Therefore
 ' cheerfully trust the future, and only
 ' dread the act that may wound your
 ' established rectitude of thought !'

I bowed to my dear Instructor, my
 youthful heart held his admonitions;
 they grew with my years—Hills,
 rocks, rivers, the waving of the
 woods, and fertility of the vales,
 yielded transport to my unfulfilled
 mind : and as I thus revelled silently
 in the rich exuberance of nature, I
 felt myself capable of the wildest
 adoration.

adoration. Blest is the mind that early feels the influence of instruction! Soon! much too soon came manhood with his hardy privileges. I panted to strike upon the world as a meritorious character. Rural imagery enchanted my fancy, while the voice of Fame seemed to call me from afar. Divine is the origin of Fame! she breathes the desire of immortality into the soul of man.

My Guardian had mentioned two amiable sons whom I never had the pleasure of knowing. They were educated at St. Omers, under the care of an affectionate uncle, who had adopted them as equal heirs to his vast fortune. A letter arrived, in which the youths requested the permission of their father to accompany the Duke of B***** who was then

going abroad. The Count, with apparent regret, sacrificed his tenderness to the glory and improvement of his children, and received their acknowledgments. The dignity of language observed by those young gentlemen warmed my attentive soul, as I listened to their prayers breathed for the preservation of their beloved parent. To Emily, who was receiving her education in the convent of St. * * * * * they sent tokens of fraternal love. I blushed at the idea of spending life idly.

My Guardian was a man of the first distinction in France, he disapproved much of the constitution of his country, but he was brave, and firm to attachments he once had formed. Combinations, plots, and reiterated murmurs prevailed over the
the

the kingdom. Lettres de cachet were considered as the most odious mark of audacious tyranny, while the farming of land in the interior parts occasioned, among the lower class of people, the most acute penury. My Guardian, as an individual, had no power of revoking the statutes, nor had he the wish of assassinating his King merely because he was thrown as an hereditary and guiltless emblem of *order* into the lap of pre-eminence. Law is the cement of society. Law forms degrees of power, and by necessary gradation power sinks to the cottage from the throne. Nor must power be suffered to sport wantonly on that dangerous summit; while she sits soberly, her influence is nourishing, and millions bask in her well-regulated favours. Without her, order, so beloved, so cherished

by mankind, cannot exist; and a King, that thing so hated, so feared, so revered and so loved, is but by accident as a common watchman; and whether society be awakened to its duties by many watchmen, or by one, is not worthy the discussion of the wise. The Duke of B**** had taken the ministerial side from policy, and was now preparing to leave it—He visited my Guardian; I was introduced; the Duke appeared struck by my figure. I was not less so with him, his gallant deportment, his persuasive eloquence darted enthusiasms through my frame, and I secretly wished to share his glory; when he took leave I followed him insensibly along the court. My hat fell from my hand, without perceiving it, I walked till an attendant delivered it to me and received my thanks; when,

when, at the sound of my voice the Duke looked back, my eyes were fixed on him, he politely demanded if his power could serve me?

“Take me with you,” replied I eagerly, “let me fight for you, let me die when you die!”

“Gallant youth, have you reflected on the horrors of war: have you reconciled yourself to the shame of defeat, have you taught your heart to restrain the exultation of victory? All are dangerous to the untried soldier; the advantages of conquest are too often converted into cruelty, and defeat has many sorrows; among which, ill-timed shame is not the least: return, consult the Count de Marfan, you shall hear.”

‘hear from me, you deserve not
‘neglect.’

How noble was this frankness in one who was unversed in courtly ceremony, or at least had forgotten it.—The Duke departed.

“May I go to the wars?” said I to my Guardian on entering the parlour—“Will you grieve? Promise me you will not, and I will immediately prepare for the field. But my dear, my kind parent, for so I must call you, if my company or conversation can soften your hours I will not go—No, my heart is fully devoted to you, and claims no superior object—Ah! Sir—where may I find your equal in this uneven world?” My Guardian was affected; he could not resolve

solve at that moment to part with me, but promised to inform my friends of my inclination, and requested me to be satisfied with his affiduities and his truth.

“ I am not capable of doubting
 “ you, my excellent Monitor ; yet,
 “ tell me, O tell me where I may
 “ find my father !”

‘ Be not precipitate, you may
 ‘ prove the destruction of yourself
 ‘ and friends : beware of dangerous
 ‘ curiosity ; you may one day know
 ‘ your father’—(here my Guardian
 sighed deeply.) ‘ He may press you
 ‘ to his bosom.—He cannot love you
 ‘ more than I do ;’ saying this, while
 a tear stole down his cheek, he re-
 tired.

Man

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Man must sacrifice hourly for his existence.—He must bid his wishes die as they arise : they grow by being fed, till in the multiplicity peace is lost, since not one in three can, during his short period of time, be fulfilled. I was obliged to forego my thirst for military honour, together with the desire of knowing my father—I took my Seneca, and read my cares away.

Reading gently lulls the perturbed spirit, yet, we frequently feel an impatience arising from disappointment or despair, which too forcibly withdraws us from this best blessing. In conversing with the venerable sage whose spirit whispers through every line, we become reconciled to unpleasant circumstances. In running back we learn

learn that the brave and good have ever felt in common with mankind.

When evening approached, a carriage driving hastily through the court, roused me from my meditations; my Guardian ran to the door, and a beautiful girl sprang to his arms—It was Emily.—I had also advanced, but stepped back that I might lay no restraint on endearments so tender and sacred. Amidst broken expressions of joy and enquiries, which waited no reply, the father ushered his lovely daughter to an apartment adjoining that I had entered; her brothers became the subject of her first enquiries: my Guardian gave her a brief account of their intended route with the Duke of of B****, when she replied, ‘I hoped to have found my brothers
‘ here,

‘ here, my dear father; my self-love
 ‘ perhaps blinded my reason—I could
 ‘ not improve them, I could not
 ‘ teach them the hard lessons of the
 ‘ world.’

Finding myself under the necessity of over-hearing the conversation of Emily and her father, I immediately took my hat and strolled down the garden; not that I was uninterested in any delight my Guardian could taste, but I thought it unmanly to remain within hearing of two persons, who were pouring out their sentiments, unconscious of my situation—delicacy is due to all. Chance directed my steps to a bower of woodbines.—I threw myself on the bank, and sighed for a father into whose bosom I might rush, as Emily did to my Guardian’s. The whole expanse was full of

of beauty, it waited for the melting touch of a Claude-Lorraine, before whom Nature ever lay in charming luxuriance. I was contrasting the lily with the rose, when my Guardian, who had lightly ran over the turf, accosted me.—I enquired why his sons did not accompany his late illustrious visitor, he told me the Duke only came to see me.

‘ But come, my dear young friend,
‘ I have a guest to whom I must introduce you : she is worthy your
‘ protection, and to your honour I
‘ could for ever confide my Emily.’

I congratulated this worthy man on the treasures he possessed in his children.—He introduced me ; and I saluted Emily with an agitation never felt before. Her conversation
was

was directed to her father, my ear hung on her accents, my eyes on her face, till she suddenly threw a glance that struck me to the soul. Abashed, I turned towards the window, while a significant silence heightened the confusion of my senses:—Yes, there are delicious moments, when silence must be felt, and the heart swells with that fine delirium which arises from the hope of being secretly understood!—Yet—what did I wish Emily to understand?—I had never before seen her: my feelings had not progressively grown into love, nor had there been time for creating esteem in the bosom of the charming maid; what then were my wishes?—I had but one, it was that of for ever listening while she stole my peace.—Night summoned me to retire either to my books or rest—I chose.

chose the former. Hence hoary adviser! said I, throwing the venerable Antoninus from my hand; thou art much too cold; my heart is burning! Happy had I been could my strength of mind have proved sufficient to oppose this languor ere it grew oppressive! My judgment, my understanding, and even my thirst for glory were weakened: So was I formed, and my internal conflicts I fear will end but with my life!

Ye, who would surmount the pleasing melancholy of the tender passion, seek not solitude! her shades are delusive! Peace is not within them! There will the image of your soul engross you; from thence will the world and its boisterous attendants be shut out, and you will feed on the delicious poisons of memory till

till you languish life away!—I was restless through the night, arose in the morning before the family were moving, and roved over the adjacent hills: The dew lurked glistening in the bosom of the cowslip, the birds broke not their song at my approach, my heart was grateful for its existence: the words of my Guardian ‘*to your honour I could for ever confide my Emily,*’ were impressed deeply on my mind. Was there not a warning in the generous sentiment? Yes! He had suddenly appealed, he had made a league with my honour for the future security of his deserving child! His boundless confidence proved the estimate he had formed of my principles, and ought to have given me delight. On the contrary, I saw difficulties rising from the noble candour of the father,

to.

to check my infant passion for the daughter; he had bequeathed her to my *honour* not to my *affection*.

O, how industrious is the human mind in creating self affliction, and refining on it by the force of imagination, till we no longer struggle with unutterable love, but willingly sink to rest! Under this sickness of the fancy does many a tender and delicate maid droop like a chilled flower!

Ruminating thus on the feebleness of nature, I had strayed, I had insensibly strayed to the brow of a declivity down whose sloping verdure no human foot had passed: I endeavoured to descend, but was obstructed in my wanderings by a huge rock, on whose rough and aged sides

the goats played wantonly ; conceiving it impassable, I paused a few moments, drinking the ecstasy of infant day, and was about to return, when I saw a pale smoke arise seemingly from the entrails of this tremendous precipice. All was still, save the melody of the groves ; and my fancy was purified by the sweet salubrity around, nor was pity the weakest of my sensations : I imagined the smoke must ascend from the cabin of some miserable woodman whose hard fate confined him to this sequestered dwelling ; an amiable wife, perhaps unoffending children, suffer with him, said I to myself, and why must the harmless peasant sigh in vain for the necessaries of life ? Impressed by the workings of compassion, I again attempted to find an oblique passage—the effort was unavailing—my
way

way was cut off by the horrid projections of the rock, and the smoke gradually dying away ceased to direct my curious eyes; I sat myself down, lamenting the calamities of innumerable beings, who, fixed by natural necessity distant from the pale of society, pine unpitied and unseen in want even of frugal blessings. The languishments peculiar to the votaries of luxury are by the rustic villager unfelt, but as a forfeit for his stronger joys, he often needs both food and raiment. I looked up to the sun.

Bright comforter! the feeble and the aged love thee! the wise and the foolish love thee! thy mighty master commands thee to bless the shepherd and the King, the pome-grante and the acorn are welcome to thy rays!

I had

I had not gazed long on the luminary of the world, when I saw a ladder rising slowly towards the summit of the rock; I arose hastily and concealed myself behind some shrubs, that I might not terrify, by my unexpected appearance, the solitary adventurer, who, I supposed, was ascending. A tall majestic figure alighted on the turf, kneeled, and gave his morning orisons to the Father of Ages. I could have thrown myself at his feet. Reverence withheld me—Where was the infidel who dared to intrude in a moment so sublime! From the place of my concealment, I traced him to a neighbouring rivulet, whose murmurs were invitations to her thirsty visitor. He stooped, drank, filled a bottle hastily with the refreshing element; and, after plucking a few wild berries from

from the humble bushes, returned to his ladder. Soon as he was below the surface of the earth, I ran in a bending attitude, seized the top of the ladder, and however rude the action might immediately appear, descended, before he had time to remove it from the rock. Amazement and displeasure darkened the features of the stranger, he boldly shook me by the breast, and declared his readiness to take my life or guard his own.

“ Impertinent curiosity, Sir,” said I, “ has no place in my bosom ; I
 “ feel a nobler sentiment. I own I
 “ did not expect to meet a man of
 “ your demeanour, but I expected
 “ to find affliction, and resolved to
 “ soften it.”

‘ Generous youth!’ (loosing me from his manly grasp) ‘ you have met affliction with all her attendant horrors!—but leave me!—take advantage of the means by which you have descended, or you may involve yourself with one long devoted to destruction: leave me, young man, or you will be undone!’

Those words were uttered with an emphasis which, instead of daunting my resolves, interested my affections; I saw no danger, and if I had, nothing but the positive command of this recluse should have forced me from him.

“ The rules of honour and politeness oblige me to retire, Sir, if you so earnestly wish it.—Adieu!
—My

“ —My heart feels oppressed at
 “ leaving you thus: believe me I
 “ would rather embrace danger in
 “ assisting you.”

The stranger paused: cast his eyes
 towards a cavern in the distant part
 of the rock, and was lost in hesita-
 tion.—Seizing the momentary silence,
 I continued—

“ If the cause of your seclusion
 “ from mankind be of an atrocious
 “ nature, my bosom shall be the
 “ grave of human frailty; I will
 “ swear never to divulge your affairs,
 “ though the colour of them may
 “ oblige me immediately to forsake
 “ you.”

“ I am no villain,” (returned he)
 “ I am only the victim of tyranny

‘ and misfortune. Such had fate de-
 ‘ signed me before my infant eyes
 ‘ were open to the light. I am sen-
 ‘ sible of your not having power to
 ‘ injure me, and am only fearful of
 ‘ your sharing my hapless destiny.
 ‘ —Be not alarmed, I am an exile
 ‘ from the social joys of man, but
 ‘ let us not anticipate evil—You af-
 ‘ ford me a faint delight—a delight
 ‘ which I may never taste again; we
 ‘ will not therefore embitter transient
 ‘ happiness by poor distrust.’ En-
 deavouring to appear self-collected,
 he took me by the hand.—

‘ Come with me, you shall be-
 ‘ hold the accommodations of a
 ‘ prince: you shall learn that royalty
 ‘ is the trapping of fools, given by
 ‘ adulation and worn in vain by mor-
 ‘ tal beings; yes, you shall be con-
 ‘ vinced

‘vinced that a prince, stripped of his gaudy appendages, is but the sport of misery.’

An obedience, which owed nothing to my will, influenced my motions. I followed involuntarily, without once replying to my unknown monitor. We entered the cave; his little fire had not entirely spent itself; the embers gathered brightness from the contrasting gloom, but not sufficient to direct my eye to the end of this cavern. Looking round with pensive curiosity, I saw no royal accommodations, except a small picture of the King of France in a niche, rudely formed by nature in the rock. Perceiving it had arrested my attention, he was much agitated, and wildly exclaimed, ‘Ah, Sir! Kings should have no *brothers!*’

Seating himself on the damp gravel, of which the floor of this lonely habitation was composed, he was for some minutes silent and forgetful of my presence, nor could I obtrude a single enquiry on a subject which affected him so deeply. I at length made some incoherent remarks on the difficulty he must experience in procuring food.—

‘Yonder,’ pointing down an eminence, ‘lives my provider.’—I did not comprehend him; but leading me from the entrance of the cave to a more eligible spot, he made me discern a little hut near the sea-shore, and resumed his story—

‘There dwells a simple fisherman,
‘who seeking a strayed lamb his chil-
‘dren had tamely bred up in his
‘cottage,

‘ cottage, met me by chance as I
 ‘ was wildly roving through the
 ‘ wood, my sword was in my hand,
 ‘ despair and horror in my whole
 ‘ deportment; his timidity brought
 ‘ me to a recollection that man is
 ‘ only amiable when impressed by
 ‘ the influence of social love. I
 ‘ banished his dismay, and he pro-
 ‘ cured me food.’

“ What great occurrence brought
 “ you to this scene of misery, why
 “ not fly from a solitude, incom-
 “ patible with an exalted mind?”

‘ You know me not; my hours
 ‘ were early marked, and every step
 ‘ I take is not in the common path
 ‘ of man. The scene before me is
 ‘ sorrowfully distinguished, but I have
 ‘ reason to suppose it will be short.’

G 4.

I now

I now conjectured this stranger must have been convicted of treason, and that a price was set on his head : I never conceived what we politically term treason to be a sin against the Deity, and was still resolved secretly to bear him in the arms of friendship to every comfort heaven had allotted me.—

‘ For reasons of state have I been
 ‘ a prisoner from my birth. I was
 ‘ born in the year 1638.

‘ Through my days of childhood,
 ‘ I knew no affliction but that kind of
 ‘ restraint which seems more watchful
 ‘ than severe. I was not even sensi-
 ‘ ble of my being a state prisoner, as
 ‘ it was impossible for me to be guilty
 ‘ of a crime. I believed my Tutor
 ‘ to be my real father ; my education
 ‘ was

' was equal to that of the Dauphin.
 ' I was not sensible of rough ambi-
 ' tion, but I became the prey of ge-
 ' nerous love: my Tutor had a friend
 ' of the house of B**** who vi-
 ' sited, and brought with him a sister.
 ' Noble sentiments, elegance of man-
 ' ner, and beauty, were hers. The
 ' impression she was formed to make
 ' was mine; an impression only to be
 ' erased by death!—I for some months
 ' languished in silence for the lovely
 ' maid. I dared not hope! The
 ' vigilance of my Tutor increased
 ' with my years, and I daily became
 ' sensible that I was held in fetters,
 ' though invisible to my comprehen-
 ' sion was the power who ruled me.
 ' The walls of the garden, in which
 ' I was used to range, were raised to
 ' a terrific height, and so many pre-
 ' cautions taken, that a gloom was

' thrown over the scene of my infant
 ' joys—I became melancholy—the
 ' beautiful Eleanora perceived it, and
 ' endeavoured to alleviate the sadness
 ' she could not cure. During her
 ' stay (which was intended for some
 ' months) with my Tutor, she charm-
 ' ed, while she increased the tumults
 ' of my soul. Unable to tear her
 ' from my heart, or suppress its emo-
 ' tions, I one day threw myself at
 ' her feet, and breathed the strain of
 ' love. The moment was precious—I
 ' could promise myself but few, and
 ' passionately appealed to her pity;
 ' pity she bestowed, but female deli-
 ' cacy started objections and fears in
 ' her inexperienced bosom. She of-
 ' fered me her esteem; nay, more,
 ' her inviolable friendship, and my
 ' eager soul exulted in the testimonies
 ' she gave of both. But who shall
 ' set

‘ set bounds to mutual attachment ;
 ‘ Who quench the ever-burning flame
 ‘ of sympathy ! We loved, adored,
 ‘ and while my Tutor was called to
 ‘ * * * * * on political affairs, I gave
 ‘ my parole of honour to his substi-
 ‘ tute, bribed him profusely, and the
 ‘ charming Eleanora became mine by
 ‘ a private marriage. From this
 ‘ union sprang inexpressible delight,
 ‘ transport hoarded but in remem-
 ‘ brance ; for, oh ! my real treasures
 ‘ are no more !—

A pause, in which memory, I
 feared, was too powerful, succeeded
 those complainings—I willingly gave
 him a tear. When did tears relieve
 the sufferer for whom they fall ?—He
 proceeded—

' The delicate state of my dear
 ' Eleanora soon made a removal ne-
 ' cessary. I gloried in the approach-
 ' ing event, but was distracted how
 ' to conceal it. My wife, with that
 ' magnanimity which ever supports
 ' virtue, was willing to dare the cen-
 ' sure of the world for the man she
 ' loved, in denying her marriage;
 ' I could not yield to this idea. I
 ' could not so meanly stab refinement,
 ' and resolved to declare myself to
 ' her brother, when he should next
 ' visit my Tutor.

' The Duke of B**** was pos-
 ' sessed of true grandeur. He stood
 ' aloof from the contagion of preju-
 ' dice, while she led her blinded vic-
 ' tims through the world. His soul,
 ' independent and alone formed her
 ' system of thought, and to him I re-
 ' vealed

' vealed our marriage—' Generous vir-
 ' tue (said this noble friend) will ever
 ' be the basis of my sister's happiness.
 ' Dearly as I love her, she has in-
 ' creased her value, by giving me
 ' such a brother. I will share your
 ' cares, and you shall share my for-
 ' tune.'

' After embracing me with affec-
 ' tion, he thanked me for my confi-
 ' dence, and swore never to abuse it.
 ' My wife returned to his seat in the
 ' country, where my son was born.
 ' But, unhappily, a domestic had
 ' heard this last conversation, and
 ' flew with it to the ear of my Tutor,
 ' whose terrors I thought quite unne-
 ' cessary to the occasion. He ques-
 ' tioned me on the subject: I ques-
 ' tioned him in return; and as I found
 ' he had gained knowledge of the af-
 ' fair,

' fair, did not deny it. Almighty
 ' love gave me intrepidity. I would
 ' not have exchanged the tender
 ' names of husband and of father for
 ' the crown of France! Ah, Sir!
 ' short was my fond exultation! only
 ' a few months had passed on, when
 ' the Duke came hastily, spent with
 ' fatigue, and dissolved in tears, to
 ' inform me his sister was, with my
 ' infant son, conveyed from his man-
 ' sion by an order of State, and the
 ' only consolation afforded him, was
 ' the assurance that both should be
 ' provided for within the pales of
 ' nobility, but must never more be
 ' mine. Snatching the sword of the
 ' Duke, (whom I shall henceforth
 ' term my brother,) I ran to my
 ' Tutor, and seizing him with all the
 ' madness of a man grown desperate
 ' by injuries, demanded an explana-
 ' tion.

' tion of his mysterious conduct—
 ' Opening his bosom, he stood before
 ' me, dauntless in his trust, and ve-
 ' nerable in virtue, but silent!—Si-
 ' lent as the grave! nor could the
 ' fear of death, though I too rudely
 ' threatened him, extort the cause of
 ' my wrongs—I could not kill him!
 ' I had long loved him! and he ap-
 ' peared to me, at this moment, like
 ' something divine, though pre-emi-
 ' nently wretched!—Conquered by
 ' his looks, I threw myself down,
 ' and burst into tears! My Tutor
 ' kneeled, wept over me, and echoed
 ' back my sighs, but stubbornly sup-
 ' pressed every other expression.
 ' While indulging this dreadful an-
 ' guish, we were surrounded by the
 ' guards, who had entered the house
 ' purposely to convey us into strict
 ' confinement. I now grew obstinate
 ' with

' with despair. Life had lost its va-
 ' lue, and I felt only for this worthy
 ' man, who was to languish in prison
 ' with me; his loyalty and truth
 ' availed him not. After feebly
 ' struggling with age and fetters, he
 ' felt himself dying. My heart was
 ' torn with the mingled agony of im-
 ' patience, sorrow, and indignation,
 ' as I beheld him sinking from me.
 ' Nightly did I hang over him,
 ' watch his broken slumbers, and in-
 ' dulged some little comfort when he
 ' opened his eyes. He was sensible
 ' of my affection—I had been formed
 ' by him, and he prized the heart
 ' himself had rendered incapable of
 ' disguise. As I bathed his pillow
 ' with my tears, he addressed me in
 ' a faint voice :

' Names

‘ Names and titles are sounds; I
‘ never made you acquainted with
‘ them: I swore never to do it whilst
‘ I lived, but I have made you ac-
‘ quainted with yourself; I have
‘ taught you to observe the futility of
‘ human action, and the feebleness of
‘ your nature. I now warn you to
‘ resist ambition; her snares are
‘ spreading for you. Yield her do-
‘ minion to others—You are too good
‘ to be her slave.—I must leave you,
‘ and the only regret I feel at this
‘ awful moment is, that I must leave
‘ you here; but your life, I have
‘ reason to think, will be held sacred
‘ during the life of Louis XIV.
‘ Should he die childless, forget not
‘ my warnings. Numberless joys
‘ spring from the bosom of the world
‘ for those who can enjoy them in
‘ obscurity. Adieu! my dear Henry!
‘ Should

' Should you in time know the secret
 ' of your birth, keep that knowledge
 ' to yourself; by appearing ignorant,
 ' you may be most safe. Do not
 ' practise deceit; but every man has
 ' a right to be silent on his own af-
 ' fairs. Tranquillity, that hath ever
 ' gilded my unimpassioned hours,
 ' now falls sweetly on my senses.
 ' When I awake to new existence,
 ' my Creator will not make me miser-
 ' able. Unheedful of human opi-
 ' nion, to Him alone I am resigned—
 ' Once more! Once more!—Fare-
 ' well for ever!

' Pressing my hand gently, he
 ' looked benignly in my face, and
 ' yielded to Nature all she could
 ' claim from him.

' To

' To describe the horrors that stared
 ' on my afflicted spirit, at this dread-
 ' ful separation, is impossible! My
 ' fancy became wild, and brought
 ' none but ugly images. Suicide
 ' seemed to offer itself as my sole
 ' conductor to everlasting rest—And
 ' where will my Eleanora find a com-
 ' forter! said I, striking the candle-
 ' stick suddenly on the floor—The
 ' noise I made alarmed the sentinel,
 ' who stood at the outside of the door;
 ' he rushed in, and finding the cham-
 ' ber in darkness, called aloud to his
 ' companions, who entering, saw me
 ' sitting near the corpse of my dear
 ' departed Monitor.

' No indignity was offered me;
 ' two gentlemen were appointed to
 ' attend my person, and to accompany
 ' me from that place of confinement,
 ' where

‘ where he breathed his last, to a
 ‘ more eligible one, after a dismal
 ‘ chasm in my life of nineteen years.

‘ The vessel in which we embarked
 ‘ was pursued by heavy storms; and,
 ‘ after struggling five days and nights
 ‘ with the tempestuous elements,
 ‘ grew crazed; her rudder being
 ‘ splintered, was entirely washed
 ‘ away, her main-mast went by the
 ‘ board; she had sprung a leak; all
 ‘ hands were in turn summoned to
 ‘ the pumps; and, on heaving the
 ‘ lead, our soundings were only eight
 ‘ fathoms from land. Night came on,
 ‘ darkness increased our terrors. I
 ‘ was suffered freely to assist in the
 ‘ tremendous scene; but the roaring
 ‘ of the sea, the shrieks of the wind
 ‘ in the rigging, together with the
 ‘ prayers and blasphemies of the
 ‘ crew,

‘ crew, struck me with such amaze-
 ‘ ment, that (ignorant whose order
 ‘ to obey, or what rope to pull) I
 ‘ leaned on one of the hen-coops,
 ‘ and waited the moment that should
 ‘ plunge us in the deep! Before I
 ‘ left the cabin, I had secured a
 ‘ sword, and fixed it to my belt, in
 ‘ which I had concealed a small casket
 ‘ given me by my Tutor a few hours
 ‘ before he departed. Except these
 ‘ articles, and this resemblance of
 ‘ Louis, I had nothing of value.
 ‘ Night passed away, and dawn pre-
 ‘ sented to our view yon huge pro-
 ‘ montory, which you can with ease
 ‘ discern to the westward, and of
 ‘ which we hoped to gain some craggy
 ‘ part; but from its foot runs out,
 ‘ beneath the waters, invisible rocks
 ‘ unknown to the most skilful mariner.
 ‘ There our vessel resigned her violent
 ‘ motion

' motion for some moments—There
 ' she lay trembling on the waves like
 ' a dying bird, and beneath a rude
 ' swell of water went down for ever !
 ' Clasp'ing the hen-coop, I was beat
 ' against the rock—I knew no more !
 ' All was calm when I opened my eyes ;
 ' as I lay on the beach, no vessel ap-
 ' peared, no companion hailed me—
 ' I gazed around, my eyes felt hea-
 ' vily ; I was not grateful for exist-
 ' ence, but looked wishfully at the
 ' remorseless ocean which had drank
 ' my friends. How vacant is the
 ' mind when the objects lately mov-
 ' ing around us are suddenly gone
 ' for ever !—No prayer, no unavail-
 ' ing murmur escaped my lips, such
 ' is the stupidity of man when be-
 ' wildered by great extremes. I had
 ' sat pensively on the beach for some
 ' hours, the billows left me and my
 ' hen-

' hen-coop; none of my ship-mates
 ' appeared; but my appetite for life,
 ' security, and food, gradually awak-
 ' ened, and at length grew acute.
 ' Not knowing where to find the lat-
 ' ter, I was met by the fisherman,
 ' whose cabin is small, and family
 ' numerous; nor would a residence
 ' beneath his roof be compatible with
 ' my fortune or his safety. His head
 ' might answer for his friendship to
 ' me. My brother, the Duke of
 ' B****, if still at Paris, will be
 ' secret and faithful. To him I have
 ' written a brief account of my
 ' situation. The fisherman has ven-
 ' tured in his skiff to convey my
 ' letters. I have promised to re-
 ' ward him, and only wait his return,
 ' when I shall quit my native land for
 ' ever. I am now forty years old,
 ' and am a stranger to the world!'

I now

I now concluded my unknown friend to be of distinguished rank : he wished to know my place of residence, and by what accident I had discovered his retreat.

I related my morning excursion, begged him to command me, if I could assist him ; and added,

“ I must leave you, amiable and
 “ unfortunate stranger. I am dear
 “ to the worthiest of men, and should
 “ feel regret in causing him one mo-
 “ ment’s pain: suffer me to see you
 “ once more ! I will not prove ob-
 “ trusive ; but I would encounter
 “ many evils to prove myself deserv-
 “ ing your confidence. Say I may
 “ again privately visit you in this
 “ comfortless asylum, so unworthy
 “ its inhabitant.”

A melan-

A melancholy smile spread itself over the face of this afflicted recluse; he replied:

‘Go, generous youth! persevere in the path of virtue! You will prove a blessing to your parents!—In three days I expect my honest Fisherman, you may command the interval; I will expect you here.’

Raising my hand respectfully to his lips, he bade me adieu. I ascended by his ladder, and hastened back to relieve my Guardian, whose alarms at my absence I knew would be powerful.

Wearied and thoughtful with this day’s adventure, I at last got home. Surprise at my early departure in the morning, mixed with joy at my arrival,

val, were visible in the countenance and manner of my Guardian. He questioned me mildly : I did not think myself at liberty to declare the concerns of an individual who had from true nobleness of soul confided in me.—Emily ran from the garden, where she had been selecting a bouquet, and with innocent frankness declared herself happy at my return.

‘ Here’ (said she, presenting me the flowers she had culled with taste)
 ‘ I offer you the tribute of the day,
 ‘ friend of my father ! they must
 ‘ one day die ! and why not die
 ‘ with you ?’

Endeavouring to assume tranquillity of manner, specious, because my heart was not tranquil, I accepted,

and

and placed the fragrant gift in my
bosom.

“ I will wear your flowers, and
“ only with those emblems of beauty
“ could live for ever.”

‘ You are kind : my father in-
‘ forms me, your mind is noble,
‘ your principles pure, but why do
‘ you fly me ? my brothers would
‘ not have left me so long ; I must
‘ soon return to my convent, why
‘ did you not shew me the irregular
‘ charms of this romantic country ?

‘ The midnight vesper, bead, or full-ton’d
‘ choir,

‘ Whose mournful symphony is heavy sighs
‘ Of death-devoted maids : resounds not here !
‘ Then lead me through the vale where in-
‘ sects sip

‘ Rich nectar from the buds of spring, and
‘ sleep

' Unseen in myriads on the crocus' leaf !
 ' Filled with the genial banquet, there the soul
 ' Grows wild with heav'nly rapture! Nature
 ' there
 ' Spreads wide her gen'ral sympathy! O come
 ' And view with me the flow'ry-footed morn
 ' Blush with the glories of her rising God!'

As the pure orb of light draws the
 vapours from their parent earth, and
 converts them by his effulgence into
 blessings; so did this charming girl
 incorporate my soul with hers, till it
 became refined even to anguish. Her
 eyes, full of innocence, were fixed on
 my face as she repeated those lines
 with enthusiasm; the eyes of her
 father shone with the tear of fond
 delight; and he happily relieved
 my unbecoming silence, by request-
 ing Emily to favour him with the
 author she had quoted.

The

' The book is very old, my dear
 ' Sir, the works of my author have
 ' been extant for ages; I sat on your
 ' bed of violets, I read him there;
 ' I gazed on the gaudy tulip, her
 ' lesson was mine; imagination car-
 ' ried me through the variegated
 ' mead. All nature taught me there!
 ' In a word, my dearest father, I have
 ' been from you so long, and am so
 ' lately returned to your bosom, that
 ' I could rise on the clouds and dis-
 ' fuse the harmony I feel!'

' But the author, Emily, has not
 ' so particularly favoured me.'

I fancied my Guardian meant to
 be good-naturedly severe on his
 chearful daughter, but she replied with
 quickness.—' O yes, my Lord, in
 ' various ways; Solitude is the nurse
 H 3 ' of

‘ of Contemplation, and Fancy is of-
 ‘ ficious in the absence of our friends.
 ‘ Whilst I was composing those few
 ‘ lines in your garden, you perhaps
 ‘ were forming serious plans of fu-
 ‘ ture happiness, and as it is im-
 ‘ possible for a generous man to
 ‘ exist merely for himself, you
 ‘ sat in awful solemnity, twirling one
 ‘ thumb over the other, looking sted-
 ‘ fastly at the fire, and studying for
 ‘ the hour what delicacy you should
 ‘ provide for my dinner, or what
 ‘ gown would best suit your dear
 ‘ Emily at a ball.’

What fine touches affection wore in
 this reply ! Her father regarding her
 with complacency, said—

‘ My lively girl, your heart is now
 ‘ full, exhilarated and unrestrained :
 ‘ but when you leave your convent
 ‘ for

‘ for worldly scenes, you will, you
‘ must unfortunately be taught re-
‘ serve: Yet, I charge you, my
‘ Emily, never to pursue the worst
‘ methods of your sex; never prac-
‘ tise reserve till it arrive at deceit,
‘ nor poison your blameless mind
‘ with affectation.’

‘ Fear it not, my Lord; artifice is
‘ not so necessary as the world in ge-
‘ neral think it, nor is affectation
‘ lovely; good manners are due to
‘ society, artifice enslaves its possessor,
‘ and affectation is disgusting.’

Emily had confused my ideas, or
had given birth to new images in my
labouring mind; I could not con-
verse collectedly, I sat lost in thought;
she was insensible of my infatuation
and of her own power.

H. 4.

‘ Why

‘ Why are you studious, Sir, why
‘ are you not like me ; lively, happy,
‘ grateful for the happiness you re-
‘ ceive, and resigned to transient af-
‘ fliction ? All will pass away ; my
‘ confessor has often enjoined me
‘ never to repine at woe, nor exult
‘ in the rare visitation of coy felicity.
‘ My father will grieve if you grieve,
‘ nor can I be truly blest—I pray you
‘ be happy with us.’

‘ Surely I need not solicit when
‘ Emily implores,’ added my Guar-
dian ; ‘ the language of nature ex-
‘ cels the finished periods of rhe-
‘ toric, and the sensible mind sets
‘ a value on simplicity.’

“ Think me not regardless of
“ your care, my dear friend,” said
I ; “ nor fancy me obdurate to the
“ gentle,

“gentle, yet keen remonstrance of
“your Emily—But

“Oh! what a world of agony is found;

“Within my single bosom!”

‘Beware! Beware of indulging
‘wishes, the gratification of which
‘perhaps ought never to be attained;
‘I ask not the cause of your inquiet-
‘tude, I am certain it will be regu-
‘lated by, or sacrificed to virtue; so
‘will you gain the peace you de-
‘serve. I do not wonder at your
‘silent manner; it is merely the
‘effect of habit, habit of educa-
‘tion, and education of natural ne-
‘cessity, you have the habits of re-
‘flection even externally, because you
‘are the child of solitude: but cer-
‘tainly when the soul expands to
‘taste the joys of sympathetic friend-

H 5

‘ship,

‘ ship, the clouds of secret anguish
 ‘ are shook off, as the moon from
 ‘ her pure cheek shakes unwholesome
 ‘ dews.’

I apologised to this excellent
 man!

‘ We will not be pressing im-
 ‘ polite,’ rejoined Emily, ‘ but if
 ‘ you are not engaged, I will finish
 ‘ the piece of embroidery begun in
 ‘ my convent, and you shall read to
 ‘ us : my father has invited, for to-
 ‘ morrow, a large party of his most
 ‘ valuable friends ; we will try to
 ‘ cheer you, and in return you must
 ‘ promise to throw this sober sadness
 ‘ to those who are willing to accept
 ‘ it : for my part, I know not one
 ‘ who would think your gift an obli-
 ‘ gation.’

I was

I was ashamed of giving pain to minds so noble and attentive—We turned to lively topics, and my friends were happy. Resolving never to embitter their felicity by an ill-timed chagrin, which might be construed into haughty reserve, I withdrew for the night.

Honour!—What art Thou? Who gave thee being in the mind of man? And why, once wanting thee, is woman lost? On thy strong and everlasting base friendship may erect her noblest structure! From thy altar may faultless love breathe its flame to Heaven! Sighs of mingled souls, by absence torn, are ever heard in whispering echos from thy hallowed shrine! The sacrifice once offered thee, is incense purer in an angel's face, than all the odours of the
H 6 balmy

balmy east ! Thou ! mild spirit of the good ! wilt forbid the charming Emily to love a man who knows not his parents ; who is perhaps an orphan or foundling, and whose fortunes are undecided ;—nor shalt thou be profane ! I will not indulge those weak affections ! I will not entangle her artless mind in the fascinations of blind unwarrantable love ! Oh Emily ! be happy ! Mayst thou never be subdued but by the unequalled ecstasy of loving and of being beloved ; whilst honour holds its sanction o'er thy beauties. Give me, thou mighty Maker of the human heart, fortitude equal to these self denying torments ! Conflicts like these bring anguish too acute for feeble man !

Thus did I reason and resolve ; and quickly did I forget my reason and resolutions, when gazing on Emily.

On

On the following morn, devoted to festivity, the halls began to sound, the gates were thrown open, the row of aged oaks which shaded the great walk to my Guardian's noble edifice, were pleasingly adorned with festoons of wild-flowers, and variegated lamps intended to shed a coloured lustre on the coming night.

The equipages were brilliant, the visitants numerous, and each appeared to vie with their generous host in polite hilarity.

Among the many, came a gentleman announced by the name of Roderique, son of a Spanish nobleman. I found, near the conclusion of the evening, he had not been invited, but had brought recommendations from some of my Guardian's friends

at

at * * * * *. I saw him alight, as I stood at my window ; his form was elegant, his dress superb, his deportment bold—How much more engaging, said I. to myself, is thy lively air than this cold despondency that hangs on me !—Recollecting I should appear negligent in suffering my Guardian to seek me, I left my apartment. The company had taken their seats when I entered ; Roderique had chosen that next Emily ; I sat opposite to him. He surveyed me attentively ; I heeded him not ; my languishing soul was breathing its wishes towards the lovelier object near him : I forgot all around her. Roderique, during the day, endeavoured to engross the conversation of Emily. Who would not have felt the same desire ? Good humour prevailing, and separation not thought of,

of, our guests began to study amusement.—Religion, politics, and impracticable theory employed the mental powers of the old, and the young sat down to music. Several ladies played with that facility which harmonises the mind, and renders it yielding to any impression of the moment; but when Emily commanded the trembling strings! sympathetic softness enervated the soul! The doors of memory opened to her key, and the image late forgotten gently arose before the object it had once adored! All yielded to the enchantment of Emily, who awakened reflection with its joys and sorrows. Roderique grew familiar, pronounced her performance divine; declared himself superlatively blest; and looking obliquely at me, pronounced the man a brute who could wear a joyless countenance while
such

such beauty and skill united in consoling him—Emily did not hear, or did not regard him, when he requested her to play ‘The Charms of Woman-kind.’ Respect and despair kept me at a distance.

‘I will play,’ said Emily, ‘a little piece written by a friend of mine, who is now in the convent, to whom I must soon return.’—‘Heaven forbid,’ replied Roderique, with more quickness than good manners—‘I beg pardon, Miss! let me not interrupt you, or deprive the company of pleasure only in your power to bestow.’

‘The lady I mention,’ continued Emily, addressing herself to me, after silently bending to Roderique, ‘is one of the loveliest creatures nature
ture

‘ture ever formed; but she is full of
‘secret sorrow—pensive, like you,
‘my worthy friend.’

With feigned composure, I replied;
“this gentleman wishes you to play;
“on me the harp of Jesse could not
“have half your power.”

‘Then I will play, and you shall
‘reward me with a smile, so seldom
‘worn, and so highly prized by my
‘father and me.’

She sang and played—

‘Here dimly burns the wasting spark of life!
‘Whilst doom’d to wander thro’ the gloomy
‘shade!
‘For ever lost as gentle Henry’s wife;
‘For ever kneeling to the saints for aid.

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- ' His image meets me e'en before the cross,
 - ' Reproves my pray'r when I would chace his
' form ;
 - ' Points to his heart still bleeding for my loss,
 - ' And seems to ask me if my vows are warm.
-
- ' Ah, no! thou art my heav'n! invented joy
 - ' Of dreaming Monks could never charm like
' thee.
 - ' Haste! haste! and with thee bring my bloom-
' ing boy ;
 - ' Dissolve those grates, and set thy mourner
free.'

Slowly flowed those pathetic lines, while sympathy melted the hearts of the hearers. A tear glided from the eye of Emily as she sang. I had the audacity silently to wipe it away; but, suddenly remembering how much I had resolved, stepped back to my seat.

When

When the music ceased, Roderique attempted to lead the conversation on splendour, fashion, pleasure, and beauty. He dully expatiated; his language boasted not that condensed keenness which could denote him capable of enjoying happiness of any kind in an exquisite degree. Emily entertained us with many little anecdotes, and described the innocent employments invented by the Nuns to alleviate a life of seclusion, with so much native eloquence, that trifles were made to charm.

‘ Yet, do all they can,’ said she,
 ‘ the incessant gloom habitually forms
 ‘ the mind to views of death, till
 ‘ cheerfulness almost appears unnatural: indeed, it is a question,
 ‘ whether sadness, through every
 ‘ state, is not most predominant.

Chear

' Chearfulness is not born so soon, it
 ' seldom visits us uninvited; every
 ' little art in society is used to pro-
 ' long its stay; and, at last, it leaves
 ' us to sit down, with memory, and
 ' mourn the past. For my part, I
 ' would rather be innocently chearful,
 ' than sublimely grave.'

" None but prudes will contradict
 " you," I replied.

' But my ungoverned vivacity, a
 ' short time since, had like to have
 ' taught me a lesson—Nothing would
 ' serve but a ride in the morning—
 ' My Abbess expostulated, raised her
 ' shoulders, and shook her head, to
 ' convince me she detested unmean-
 ' ing liveliness. I promised much in
 ' the name of my dear father; and I
 ' positively, Sir, must carry back
 ' some

' some pretty present; for after wast-
 ' ing half my own good humour in
 ' awakening that of the Lady Abbess,
 ' she suffered me to ride in the forest,
 ' attended by her own footman. We
 ' had not rode above an hour, my
 ' horse in spirits, and myself as hap-
 ' py as the birds around, when we
 ' were crossed by a pack of hounds.

' My horse ran away with me, I
 ' lost the servant, and lost myself in
 ' the woods, where I was thrown on
 ' the turf; the fright was too much
 ' at the moment, I could not recover
 ' myself, and how long I lay is of no
 ' consequence now; if it was, I
 ' could not tell you; but I remember
 ' to have awakened, unhurt, in the
 ' arms of an elderly gentleman, whom
 ' I could have loved as a father, be-
 ' cause he treated me with respectful
 ' tender-

‘tenderness. The blundering foot-
 ‘man, instead of traversing the fo-
 ‘rest, rode home merely to say I was
 ‘lost. On this doleful adventure,
 ‘my Abbess has for ever set her great
 ‘seal, so that if I remain twenty
 ‘years in the convent, I shall never
 ‘get another ride in the forest.’

From Emily’s description of her gallant preserver, the Count her father knew him to be the Duke of B****, who had lately visited us incog, and who had not seen her since her infancy: he rallied his daughter, who lamented the feeble returns she had made her illustrious friend.

Roderique was possessed of a large share of effrontery, over which he wore the semblance of placidity: this coolness

coolness of manner, which affects perpetual complacence, is well adapted to the ceremonious circles of polished society, in which no pure emotion of the soul is suffered to appear. From behind this mask, supercilious vanity often hurls her shaft at the modest mind, who receives it, and struggles to conceal the pang, while the laugh goes round at the expence of sensibility. But here Roderique should have chosen a more noble manner of cherishing the tender blossom of friendship which spontaneously sought a place in his bosom. He sat, though night was far advanced, as if resolved I should leave him master of the social field. The respect I owed Emily and her father forced me to obey. I was slowly taking leave, when this witty gentleman enquired, sneeringly, “if I was not afraid of spirits?”—

“Not

“Not if they happen to be gaily
“dressed,” replied I with sang froid.

“Suppose you were to meet one
“dressed like me, Monsieur?”

“I could not surely fear so delicate
“a form!”

“I am happy to hear you have so
“much courage; I only meant civil-
“ly to inform you, that I walk in
“my sleep—Hah, hah, hah!”

“It should be the care of some lov-
“ing friend, Sir, to cure you of that
“troublesome trick.”—

Roderique frowned—I continued—

“Were you to be led only once
“into our horse-pond, I think you
“would

“ would ever after lie quiet in a
“ warmer place.”

‘ And who,’ said he fiercely,
‘ would have the bravery to lead me
‘ there?’—

“ Your Nurse”—

Roderique looked down, played
with his watch-chain, and Emily
politely wished us a good night.

In spite of my resolves, and all the
self-denying rules I had prescribed to
my heart, I felt a pleasure in not
leaving her with our new guest.

My Guardian commended me to
repose. I went to seek it; but love,
and the inhabitant of the rock, alter-
nately struggled with my senses. I

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I

arose

arose with the sun, turned to my books, and lingered out the moments in perusing the following manuscript, which I found by chance.

My Reader may skip it over if he pleases, it having no connection with the story of my life.

AN ORIGINAL:

OR THE

ELEGY OF LAURA,

TUNED TO THE HARP OF APOLLO.

THE lovely Laura early was beguil'd
By Genius and by Hope—She mourn'd her
lot;

Saw splendour rise beyond her native wild,
Panted for Fame, and rashly left her cot.

A neighb'ring Sage had taught the maid to
spell,

Yea, oft' would wander with her o'er the
lawn;

Talk much of heav'n, but ever more of hell,
And bad her shun of Vice the fatal dawn.

To

To lull the cares of age, she oft' would read ;
 The Hermit lov'd her ; but her daring soul
 Already scorn'd the bank and flow'ry mead.
 Her vivid fancy stretch'd from Pole to Pole.

Taste she acquir'd ; yet, to what end ? Her mind
 Was forc'd to run the backward path of
 sense—

Range its internal worlds in hopes to find,
 What nought but philosophic truths dispense.

Yet contemplation did her soul enlarge ;
 Sun, moon, and stars, invited her to soar.
 The bright-hair'd god smil'd on his lovely
 charge ;

He gave her genius, he could give no more.

But, ah ! with Genius, Destiny appear'd ;
 Frowning, she swiftly chac'd the thought-
 less maid.

The Hermit sought the bow'r her hands had
 rear'd,
 And silent dy'd when Laura left the shade.

Awhile the harmless damsel journey'd on ;
 Her healthful breath gave fragrance to the
 gale.

She sung with fervor to the morning sun,
 And with unusual ardor left the vale.

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The well-known hills were pass'd; the sun
was drown'd

Amid the weeping beauties of the west.
Her spirits fail; the barren prospect round
Was in the faded blue of evening drest.

Silent, less joyful, and more slowly still,
She strays o'er lawns bespangled with the
dew.

The moon shone dimly from her eastern hill,
The Virgin sigh'd, and fear'd her hope
untrue.

When late, near home, the cheerless face of
night

Wore no dismay; oft' as the bleating lamb
Had wandered, Laura fear'd no guilty sprite,
But brought the rover to his anxious dam.

Now did she sigh, when to the fleecy fold
Remembrance glided back—no roof appear'd!
On her soft form the breath of night grew cold;
The love-born Philomel alone was heard.

She trembled—who at morn could trip away!
Scorning the lowly home and yielding clod!
In vain each shepherd tun'd his artless lay,
She sought a path her fathers never trod.

What

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What stung her soul? Was it vain thirst of
fame?

Or that bright spark with dear refinement
fraught?

So deeply buried, none discern'd the flame;
Felt, though expressless, pow'rful though
untaught!

With Laura*, in yon grove of nodding pines,
I hail'd the precept of each hoary fire;
With her I wept o'er Petrarch's hopeless lines,
And mourn'd the pang of delicate desire.

Me did she choose from forth the rural throng;
No wealth had I, nor was my heart untrue.
Nature's great ecstasy inspir'd my song;
That song to gentle friendship ever due!

Friendship! Give me, thou God of mighty fire,
A blaze more fierce than spirit e'er hath
known:

Bid all thy lightnings keenly touch my lyre,
When I would make a kindred soul my own.

* This was not meant to be Petrarch's Laura; the Bard seems to have thoughtlessly struck on the same name in the beginning of her Elegy. *Note of the Editor.*

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When Laura left me in my native vale,
 I would not follow her in search of fame;
 Back to my herd I turn'd, with sorrow pale,
 Nor priz'd the with'ring glories of a name.

By her was rich Lycaon's feat espied,
 Blushing, she linger'd at the massy gate;
 The Miser did her melting pow'r deride;
 And scorn and insult hurl'd her on her fate;

Her little purse, yet swell'd with useful gold,
 (The Hermit gave it at his cottage door,)
 An heav'n-born greatness ev'ry blush con-
 troul'd;

She was not mean, nor miserably poor.

Yet, panting quick for comfort!—Desarts wide
 Before her lay.—She mourn'd unfeeling
 pow'r;

Remember'd home! Turn'd from the gate
 and sigh'd,

Whilst on her bosom beat the unpitying show'r.

Behind her, from the wat'ry waste afar,

Arose the howling storm; old oaks were
 torn—

Thro' heav'n's high region roll'd the awful car,
 In which were hails and bursting thunders
 borne.

A rock

A rock there was, whose brow for ever frown'd,
On murm'ring billows never known to sleep ;
Beneath whose foot, by samphire wildly
crown'd,

The shades of death sit on the gloomy deep:

They revel high, when victims of despair
Rush down, through hopeless love or cure-
less pride ;

New horrors stiffen in their weedy hair,
And thrice they lave their heads amid the tide.

Pity! thou pensive Angel! break the air—
Ah! throw thy brightest beam on human
woe!

Guide ill star'd Laura from the danger near—
Ah, save her! save her! from the depth below.

Vain was my pray'r! from off the dreadful
height,

Trembling, bewilder'd, the too-hapless maid,
Scar'd by the terrors of relentless night,
On the cold breast of wat'ry death was laid.

Her troubled sigh burst above the wave ;
Sinking, she call'd aloud on mighty Fame—
Who sent her swans fair Laura's lay to save ;
They snatch'd her numbers, and preserv'd
her name.

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Fame struck awhile young Laura's simple lyre;
Deaf were the gay, whilst angels paus'd
above;

The chords were strain'd to Virtue and Desire,
To lambent Friendship, and to ardent Love.

But Poesy ne'er touch'd the frozen breast!

Enrag'd, the tuneful goddess sought the skies,
Convinc'd that Genius hath no place of rest;
Short of her native heav'n the Cherub dies!

There, through the vast empyreum Fame was
heard,

And Laura summon'd to support her song;
The shiv'ring spirit from the sea appear'd,
And Phœbus stood amid the azure throng.

Thus spake the God, 'This Spirit, Sire, I
'crown'd.

'With musick's charm, the moment of its
'birth;

'Yet Malice, Envy, Ignorance confound,

'Thy beauties, Jove, and blast my pow'r
'on earth.

'No valu'd off'rings on my altar burn;

'Oppression strikes my children with despair;

'From you hard world, my vot'ries weeping
'turn;

'Their food is sorrow, and their drink a tear.

Why rule the vulgar many? why obscur'd
'My fervent vot'ries, speak indulgent power?
'Why was fair Laura, (by my voice allured):
'Thus sunk, o'er-whelm'd beneath the night-
'ly show'r.

The thunders murmur'd, and the vaults of
Heav'n

Shook, whilst the Father of the world pro-
claim'd:

'Thy fav'rites, Phœbus, from the earth are
'driv'n,

'But here, thro' endless ages, are they nam'd.

'Thy worshippers are mine'—The pow'rful
God

In colour'd light'nings wrapt, alone with-
drew;

Phœbus ador'd the Ruler's gracious nod,

And down, to find young Laura's patron,
flew.

No patron had she found; one night of woe

Quench'd in her breast all Nature could
inspire.

The God look'd wildly on the wave below,

And from his forehead shook indignant fire.

‘ Harlus, ’ he cry’d, ‘ with me my Laura weep ;
‘ Thy gentle spirit heard not when she
‘ sung,
‘ Or now she had not wander’d in the deep,
‘ Her chords untwisted, and her lyre un-
‘ strung.

‘ My beams shone lovely on Aurora’s brow,
‘ I left her blushing, seiz’d my seat of day ;
‘ The eastern world did to my glories bow,
‘ My coursers blaz’d, I mark’d their radiant
‘ way.

‘ Mild Genius trembling, Wisdom pale, I saw ;
‘ Each pass’d with silent pride Lycaon’s
‘ door ;
‘ Mourning that miser *only just by law*,
‘ Nourish’d by Famine, and with riches
‘ poor.

‘ My fires grew languid at Lycaon’s view ;
‘ Skies round me darken’d, till my zenith
‘ gain’d ;
‘ Here I beheld thee, to my int’rest true,
‘ Embrace the pensive bard that ne’er com-
‘ plain’d.

Thou

- ' Thou steady, great disinterested mind !
- ' Soother of guiltless anguish near thee
- ' hurl'd !
- ' Sway'd by no censure, by no knave confin'd,
- ' Scorning to swell the roarings of the world.
- ' Private thy virtues ; yet from Pole to Pole,
- ' Phœbus will chaunt the hymn to Harlus
- ' due ;
- ' Oppose the waves of Envy as they roll,
- ' 'Mid Time's swift billows keep thy truth
- ' in view.
- ' O'er the wild main, thro' ev'ry humble vale,
- ' The child of melody thy worth shall
- ' found ;
- ' And e'en yon mountain bard arrest the gale
- ' That waits my chariot wheel the universe
- ' around.
- ' Granting he sleeps, ere thou unwearied prove
- ' Of life's great scene, ah ! cheer his pen-
- ' sive ghost,
- ' By owning Friendship yields to none but
- ' love,
- ' And Heav'nly friendship is the poet's
- ' boast.

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• My Laura sigh'd for thee, hadst thou been
 ' near,
 ' Thy manly arm had borne her from the
 ' form;
 ' Within thy bosom shelter'd from despair,
 ' Thy heart had cheer'd her, for thy heart is
 warm.'

Thus sang the flaming God—the vallies rung
 From where my lambs lay basking in his ray;
 I climb'd the rock, enraptur'd as he sung,
 Caught the soft strain and here record his
 lay.

At the bottom of this piece, in
 which Energy wooes Simplicity, was
 a prose inscription nearly obliterated
 by time, or carelessness, I know not
 which.

• This Elegy was written by the
 • poetess of the mountain, who was
 • mad enough to think for herself in
 • the year **** Gloria Patri! She
 ' commends

‘commends her body to the virgin
‘of St. Nicholas, in whose chapel she
‘wishes to be laid.’

Poor poets! said I, laying down
the book, thy heart is no longer torn
by contending passions, it ceases to
beat; Love and Friendship have
quitted it for ever!

Meditating on man, I considered
him as making a progress towards
perfection, only in those intervals,
when he feels Harmony within, arising
from the gentler passions of his
Nature, and that rude and violent
ideas occasionally throw him back:
and concluded, he is at all times a
being more entitled to pity than re-
proach.

Our family were not yet risen, ex-
cept Emily, who had left her apart-
ment,

ment, and tripped into her father's park. I observed she took a friendly peep at my poor Mayo, who was now indolent from age, and for whose repose a little cot was erected near the park gate.

Unnoticed I followed the lively maid, saw her stoop, and admire the humid flowerets, and heard her congratulate the lark as the Heaven-loving songstress ascended from her downy chamber.

The sun had scarcely drawn up the grey æther from the vallies; and the shepherd, who was slowly winding the distant hill, appeared through a mist. His hands were folded athwart his bosom, his long hair fell on his shoulders, and his faithful dog crept humbly behind him. Happy clown!
Who

Who would not give their grandeur for thy vacant ease? He kept his path, approached Emily with rustic diffidence, and bowed as he passed; but the amiable girl would not suffer him to go unwelcomed by her morning offering; she opened her purse, requested him to partake of its contents, and curtsied as she left him. For 'his eyes lack'd lustre, and his 'locks were grey.'

Giving her time to advance before me, I questioned the venerable peasant; the man that could claim Emily's attention was worthy mine.

He told me his son was a soldier at * * * * *, that he now lay ill in an hospital there, and if he could but get him cleared, Anna, he was certain, would recover with gladness at her

her brother's return.—“What ails
 “your Anna? will money or advice
 “relieve her?”

‘No, no, Sir, she does not much
 ‘mind money. And, as for advice,
 ‘she does not care to take it. I have
 ‘said to her, that reading the Bible
 ‘can hurt no one, but she reads
 ‘about things I don’t understand.’—

“Why, in a situation where la-
 “bour is so necessary, does your
 “daughter waste her hours?”

This ill-natured question disagreed
 with my understanding and taste. I was
 not illiberal enough to confine spirit
 to situation; Nature often exalts
 one above the other, but I was will-
 ing to hear how he would defend
 his Anna—He replied:

‘O, Sir,

‘ O, Sir, she labours as much as
‘ I do through the day, in spinning
‘ and what not, and reads when she
‘ should take her natural rest—What
‘ is night for, Sir, but to sleep?’

“ Hem!——to meditate—and
“ mourn!” said I.

‘ But there!’—soft’ning his voice,
‘ Anna cannot sleep!—there must
‘ be something wrong in it. Poor
‘ Anna I hope will find a better
‘ world!’

He drew his hand over his eyes;
the suffusion could not be concealed
—I turned myself round.—When a
man wishes to hide his emotions, it
is at least unrefined to stare at his
struggling features—Emily had set
me an example of generosity, I fol-
lowed

lowed it, the peasant was grateful in the warm language of Nature, and went on.

The charming girl, with all her enthusiasm for the beauties of Nature, was fearful of ranging too far to contemplate them—she turned back, was a little surprised at seeing me so near; but, soon recovering, that irresistible ease, which graced her every movement, she addressed me with a smile—

‘ I lament the violence you have
‘ done yourself, Sir, in rising before
‘ nine o’clock. Your late ramble
‘ should have insured you repose,
‘ especially as we were up last night

‘ To the still hour when fairies make their
‘ ring,
‘ And dance to music of a beetle’s wing.’

“ And

“ And why did Emily leave her
 “ tranquil pillow, while the filken
 “ bands of slumber are allowed to
 “ hold the sense of the happy ? To
 “ rove unnoticed, to drink alone the
 “ fragrance of the spring is the pri-
 “ vilege of a mind careless of the
 “ world. But Emily has brighter
 “ scenes before her ; Emily should
 “ taste every guiltless pleasure while
 “ protected and prized by a generous
 “ father.” —

‘ I do : my youthful hours glide
 ‘ smoothly ; sheltered by his paternal
 ‘ love, I know no richer blessing.’ —

“ A blessing I have never known !”

‘ My father would think your re-
 ‘ flection unkind—He has taught me
 ‘ candour. To his noble and manly
 ‘ sentiments

' sentiments I owe my ideas of ster-
 ' ling virtue, and my contempt of
 ' hypocrisy; whose baneful web not
 ' only ensnares the innocent, but too
 ' often entangles her own practi-
 ' tioners.—What great business is
 ' doing in the world, Sir? or what
 ' mighty good will mankind attain
 ' by insincerity with each other?'

" Our passions, Emily, are often
 " dangerous; we are obliged to con-
 " ceal them, fearing their effects
 " may prove fatal to the cause of
 " virtue; and, even in this laudable
 " concealment, we may appear in-
 " sincere."

' Right—*there* I will allow a vir-
 ' tuous mind to prescribe for itself!—

" And

“ And while the wounded heart is
 “ thus struggling and prescribing for
 “ itself, does it not deserve the con-
 “ solation rather than the contempt
 “ of society? No great good can
 “ be attained worthy the sacrifice of
 “ truth, but truth is so fine, so ex-
 “ quisite and rare, she will not some-
 “ times obtrude on the coarser part
 “ of mankind; the wise, through
 “ modesty, often conceal her.”

‘ According to your theory, truth
 ‘ may not always appear—But, ac-
 ‘ cording to my resolutions, my ac-
 ‘ tions shall arise from no other
 ‘ spring.’

“ You need no other—Where pas-
 “ sion is not acting nor conspiring
 “ against internal peace or general
 “ order, Truth may and will appear.

Innocence

“ Innocence gives now a lustre to
 “ your sentiments, which Truth calls
 “ her own.”

“ Well, Sir, you say the passions
 “ are dangerous, I believe they are
 “ useful, and only rebellious when
 “ we would give them false mean-
 “ ings, or render them subservient
 “ to poor convenience. The pas-
 “ sions are the wings of spirit. Cold
 “ tranquillity the grave of thought.
 “ Turn your eyes to my convent!
 “ Even there the passions reign; but
 “ they rove through the mind like
 “ murmuring winds through barren
 “ and gloomy regions.’

“ I only mean, Emily, that the
 “ chain of Reason should be thrown
 “ on the desires of the heart.”

' Reason ! What is Reason ? By
 ' what criterion is it established ?
 ' Reason is cheap, vague ; offering
 ' itself to you on all occasions. If a
 ' man does right according to re-
 ' ceived custom, he is said to act
 ' with reason ; but should his con-
 ' duct, though faultless, oppose cus-
 ' tom, he is still moving in contact
 ' with his own reason ; and he will
 ' be astonished when he finds it is
 ' the reason of some other man, and
 ' not his own that he is expected to
 ' obey. For you, Sir, there is no
 ' necessity of torturing or concealing
 ' truth, your heart is not capable of
 ' a sentiment that can disgrace you !'

We now perceived my Guardian
 and Roderique strolling round the
 park ; they soon joined us, on an
 eminence from which the eye wan-
 dered

dered over the ocean till it was stayed by the horizon.

The father of Emily, taking her hand, informed us, he had prevailed on his accomplished guest (meaning Roderique) to remain a week with him.--‘ Rural beauties cannot invite
 ‘ an imagination long softened by
 ‘ luxurious scenes, and made restless
 ‘ by varied delights, in which the
 ‘ poisons of the heart are concealed.
 ‘ Nor does our new friend come under that description ; but I will
 ‘ promise him attention, and innocent pleasure ; and, to your politeness, my dear Henry, I commend
 ‘ this gentleman.’—

I bowed—Roderique slightly returned my congee.

The

The perspective my Guardian had brought for the purpose of assisting Roderique's view of the ocean, was in the hand of the latter: I requested the favour of it, and raising it to my eye, immediately discerned a little skiff or sloop, but thinly manned, labouring through the billows—My heart fluttered. I concluded the wanderer of the main to be the faithful Fisherman, so impatiently expected by the fugitive in the rock.

It is impossible to describe the gentle thrillings of the blood which we so powerfully feel when collateral incident strikes on the image of our treasured joys. I felt a transport sacred to friendship; I concealed that transport even from the friends I loved—Did I value truth the less?

I restored my Guardian his perspective, and we hastened home to breakfast. Roderique was particularly attentive to Emily, her father was kind to all; never did hospitality smile on a more benignant form.

My die was cast! My wishes were silent; but every progressive moment convinced me that Emily was necessary to my peace.

Roderique had been given to my attention: he expressed a desire of making an excursion round the country; I felt undelighted with the idea of accompanying him, and feigned myself indisposed. The splendour of the skies, notwithstanding my excuse, tempted our family-party to take a turn through the meadows;
and

and to the care of Emily and her father, did I, for good reasons, resign the envied Roderique. In passing the gate, he offered his arm to the amiable maid; she declined it, and accepted that of my Guardian. My eyes pursued them till they were lost in the shade of elm trees that grew round the adjacent enclosure; when, hastily ordering my horse, I resolved instantly to depart for the miserable cavity of my poor recluse. I rode through a narrow lane with the sole purpose of avoiding my friends; and at the end of a field to the right, my horse's head turned suddenly upon them. They had crossed the meadow which directed them to the same point. I was a little abashed; Emily smiled, and asked me 'which I had conquered, my inclination or my love of Truth?'

K 2

" My

“ My indisposition must be conquered by stronger forces than mine, dear Emily ; my love of truth remains ; I will convince you of it in some happier moment ; at present do not condemn me unheard.”—Adding to this the usual compliments of the day, and congratulations on the pleasure of their walk, I rode off.

The heat of the sun was forgot, while spurred on by impatient friendship ; I soon arrived at the brink of the precipice where I had first seen the interesting Stranger—Slipping my horse’s bridle on an oak branch, I roved along the jagged surface of the rock, but saw no guiding mark ; and recollected rather late, that I had appointed no hour of return to this solitary scene. Stung by disappointment, I called aloud ; the rock reverberated,
but

but no human voice answered me; my vexation and my hallooing availed me nothing; I grew spiritless, and was remounting, when a damsel appeared at a great distance; she seemed suddenly to have arisen from beneath the shrubbery which cloathed the slanting hills: her hat was in her hand; I observed she shook it at me, as one of my feet was in the stirrup, the other on the earth; I left my awkward position, again fastened my bridle to the tree, and received her with that delicacy due to the female character. She smiled, curtsied, and I wished her fair weather on her journey.

‘I thank you, Sir,’ said she ‘but my journey I believe must end here, for unless you be the gentleman, I am come to seek one I can-

‘ not find, and talk of one I do not
‘ know.’

“ Chance may do much for you,
“ my good girl—from whence or
“ from whom are you sent ?”—

‘ From the Fisherman’s hut below
‘ the mountain—My father has cross-
‘ sed the ocean, and a gentleman
‘ waits his return, who has sent me
‘ hither:—‘ Not,’ said he, ‘ (as I was
‘ putting on my yellow mittens),
‘ that I can positively direct you,
‘ Lydia; you are better acquainted
‘ with those unfrequented wilds than
‘ I am. But should you meet a gen-
‘ tleman wandering near that high
‘ rock which seems to touch the
‘ skies, conduct him, I pray you, to
‘ this habitation of your father.’ ‘ So,
‘ Sir,

‘ Sir, I came here yesterday, and am
‘ come again to day.’—

“ I am the man ; lead me quickly
“ to my friend.”—

Without hesitation the dāmsel directed me down the declivity, with which she was well acquainted. At some moments she kindly obliged me to rest on her arm, while she first descended the rugged steep ; alternately she trusted herself to my superior strength. Holding her in my arms, I *once* involuntarily pressed her to my bosom ; silence reigned around, the skies themselves were full of beneficence, and creative power ! But—virtue, in the form of Emily, suddenly filled my soul ; she checked the dangerous sensation, and it died away.

‘ If honour consists of self-restraint,
 ‘ then am I honourable,’ whispered
 my spirit to the watchful angels—
 ‘ Lydia is young, unartful, and a-
 ‘ wake to the touch of tenderness.
 ‘ Shame on the man who would steal
 ‘ from her cheek the crimson of
 ‘ innocence.—’

Meditations of this kind officiously
 operated in my bosom as the gentle
 maid conducted me to her father’s
 hut—and meditations of this kind
 only serve to prove that man can
 forego one blessing, while in pur-
 suit of a better.

On entering the Fisherman’s dwell-
 ing, the first object that presented
 itself, was my incognito, leaning on his
 hand. Some letters lay before him,
 which I imagined he had been read-
 ing,

ing, and Lydia twice announced me before he roused from his reflective posture. A gleam of unaffected joy enlivened him as he welcomed me to his embrace.

The fisherman made his appearance; his garb was mean, his habitation homely; yet on his brow sat that dignity, which honesty dares to wear in the presence of princes. He introduced his children—I sincerely wished them happier days, and they respectfully left me with their more-wretched guest.

‘I am now on the eve of departure,’ said my solitary friend, ‘a short delay, even in this uninhabited scene might ruin me and my hospitable host. On his arrival at Paris, he found means to reach the

‘ Duke of B * * * *, who informed
 ‘ him, on his producing my letters,
 ‘ that the supposition of our being
 ‘ wrecked had prevailed secretly at
 ‘ court; and many private enquiries
 ‘ had been made concerning me.’

‘ Fly ! (says he, in this second let-
 ‘ ter) nor despairingly yield your
 ‘ valuable life; the time may come
 ‘ when I shall be able to assist you.
 ‘ The minister is enraged against me on
 ‘ account of his political manœuvres,
 ‘ to which I would not assent, and
 ‘ my safety lies in leaving France
 ‘ for a time.—I go to the Austrian
 ‘ Netherlands, and will wait for you
 ‘ at the Abbé Dorvontès.—Come to
 ‘ me, if possible, in the course of a
 ‘ month. B * * * *.’

“ And how will you depart ?” re-
 plied I.—

‘ Here

‘Here are jewels to a large amount,’
 (said he,) ‘in this casket, which I
 ‘had concealed in my belt a few
 ‘hours before we were surprised by
 ‘the storm: I have also some cash:
 ‘with this poor fisherman and his
 ‘family have I sworn to divide my
 ‘fortune; and I have promised to
 ‘send for them when once I am in a
 ‘place of safety—His children shall
 ‘be mine.—’

I began to suspect the charming
 Lydia had made an impression on the
 heart of this gentleman; for superla-
 tive gratitude generally springs from
 secret love—I was forming false ideas.

‘Yes, Sir,’ continued he, ‘I will
 ‘study to cheer his creeping hours of
 ‘age; and my friendship shall bless
 ‘him when his strength is no more.’

K 6

I stoop-

I stooped, under the pretence of fastening my buckle, but in reality to hide my emotion—"Why." (my melting heart would have said) "must I never find a father to relieve, when his health and strength are no more?"

In stooping forward, the miniature I had worn for years round my neck, broke its chain, and fell to the ground. The stranger first perceived it, caught it up, and was politely offering it me, when I jocularly questioned him, "If so much beauty excited not his attention?"—

He gazed—In a moment his soul was lost in silent contemplation!—Pressing the lovely image to his lips, he burst into tears, and could only articulate—

‘ It

‘ It is she!—my long, long lost
‘ angel!’

Confused as I was, prudence at the moment restrained me from calling assistance. He raised his eyes, and exclaimed, with a mournful look,
‘ Where is she? Why have you torn
‘ her from me! Speak!—Tell me
‘ she will again be mine!’

I could promise nothing—I knew not the original.

Suddenly starting from his seat, where I had supported his reclining head, he walked hastily the extent of the room for some minutes. It was a short traverse, but he was more agitated than the traveller, who is setting out on a long journey, poorly provided.

Assuming

Assuming composure, he at length addressed me :

‘ How dare you wear this picture?’

“ I value it highly, Sir; it was
“ given me by the man I most
“ love.—”

‘ Perhaps the lady loved him too
‘ —but this is not a moment for ex-
‘ postulation.’

His increasing rage blinded his reason; in a strong paroxysm he pointed his sword at me—

“ Beware, Sir! or you will prove
“ how fallacious are your ideas of
“ honour.”

Stung

Stung by the salutary hint, he rested the point of his sword on the ground, and stood lost in silent despair.

‘ O heaven! is this thy care of
 ‘ man?—Was I not yesterday sufficiently wretched? I did not think
 ‘ it in the power of fate further to
 ‘ heap the measure of my woes!—
 ‘ This day, what am I!—It is impossible—She never could love another!—No matter—Pardon me, Sir,
 ‘ I am wrong—I am distracted—
 ‘ Where will you arm?—I must keep
 ‘ this picture.’

“ If our host can provide me a
 “ sword, I will do myself the justice
 “ of defending a heart worthy as
 “ your own; but not unless you first
 “ restore the prize we fight for.”

‘ It

‘It is mine,’—said he fiercely—

“Not without you own it as a
 “theft; and such an avowal will
 “for ever throw you beneath my
 “notice. I will contend with you
 “as a gentleman, not as a robber.”

‘You are right,’ (replied he with
 “a melancholy air,) ‘it must be
 “your’s till I have won it.—Go!
 (after pressing it to his lips) ‘inesti-
 “mable jewel! Dear resemblance of
 “all I adore! Why, ah! why art
 “thou in possession of any but the
 “man who dies for thee?—Take
 “this beauty, Sir—yet be warned by
 “one much older, and more experi-
 “enced in affliction than you are—If
 “her unequalled perfections have en-
 “slaved you, forget them. I charge
 “you

‘ you this hour to tear her from your
‘ heart !’

Pronouncing these words in a resolute tone, he bowed, and restored me the picture ; I placed it in my bosom, and firmly waited that tremendous trial which is formed on savage principles, and deservedly despised when the passions have subsided.

I was well aware that the fatal victory we had mutually resolved to gain, must, in future, give birth to remorse in the mind of the survivor : but pusillanimity would have rendered me unworthy the friendship of this exalted unknown ; and so strangely was my heart attached to him, that death from his hand would be in my opinion less painful than life with the loss of his esteem.

My

My antagonist had, at my request, left the apartment we were in, to enquire for some kind of arms. He returned without effecting his purpose: the unwealthful habitation of our host needed no military prowess to defend it; for over his little all, did quiet Poverty spread her sable wing.

Disappointed, yet highly raging, the stranger offered me his sword, on condition that I should restore him the picture.

‘ You have too much generosity
 ‘ to refuse my prayer. You are un-
 ‘ armed, I cannot fight you; but
 ‘ give me that gem! Let me, in
 ‘ dying, call it mine! Pierce this
 ‘ heart so tenacious of its right!
 ‘ When it has ceased to beat, her
 ‘ irrefist-

' irresistible beauties may be your's—
 ' But tell her!—Oh! tell her, in her
 ' fondest moments, that my soul flew
 ' out bearing her image to eternal
 ' bliss!'

Never had my heart sustained such
 a moment of softened anguish. Tear-
 ing open his bosom, this too power-
 ful opponent kneeled, and offered me
 his sword. Pity, mixed with my
 stronger feelings, I lamented the laws
 of honour which obliged me never to
 resign the gift he sued for; and,
 while I made him understand me on
 this cruel point, I raised his compas-
 sion, for he seemed well acquainted
 with mental conflict.

"Come with me, my unfortunate
 " friend," (said I, offering him my
 " hand) come with me to my home;
 " we

“ we may there find an explanation
 “ of this mystery; you shall, you
 “ must be convinced, that I have
 “ never wronged you.”

‘ I will go!’—(replied he with
 wild impatience) ‘ Conjecture is the
 ‘ child of Uncertainty; the man who
 ‘ yields to it is sometimes heedlessly
 ‘ undone. I will go with you; I
 ‘ fear you not; it is not in the power
 ‘ of the world now to deprive me of
 ‘ any thing worthy my esteem. What
 ‘ gives you happiness has ended
 ‘ mine.’

In vain I strove to remove those
 opinions kindled by jealousy in the
 bosom of this man; deaf as the storm
 to the traveller, he beat down my de-
 fensive plea, and imperiously com-
 manded me to guide him to my
 friends,

friends, if I had any—I obeyed this brave but desperate stranger; who, in the moment of passion trusted himself to me, he deemed his rival, and who might, from the confidence so lately reposed in him, prove a foe.—The Fisherman heard our loud altercation, but intruded not; we threw open the door in haste to depart, and met him weeping with his trembling Lydia.

‘Suffer me to direct you to the top of the mountain,’ (said he to his impassioned guest,) ‘though I fear you are returning to perfidy and to death; why will you not pursue your first purpose of going to the Duke?—May heaven protect you!’

‘Peace, old man! Am I not pursuing an object dearer than the life thou hast preserved?’

I secretly

I secretly slipped a purse into the hand of Lydia, whose eyes were full of that softened sentiment so amiable in the sex, and so powerful with mankind.

We departed, in company with her honest father. My horse (whom I had forgot) was feeding heartily on the brow of the hill. My long absence made him impatient and hungry; he had broke his bridle, and hunger, not gratitude, detained him near the spot where he was left by a thoughtless master. Here the Fisherman took leave of us, and returned to his cabin and his children.

That gloomy silence which hangs on two objects deeply interested, when neither can collect language equal to his feelings, prevailed with me and my

my companion from the moment we left the Fisherman till we arrived at the gate of my Guardian. Emily received us with restrained astonishment, the habit of the stranger made an apology necessary. He did apologize, and with such a grace as convinced us he thought ornament wanting more for our sakes than his own. ‘To you, the utmost respect should be ever paid: for me, wretched appearances, Madam, suit well.’

He did not know how far the soul of Emily soared above the gaudy seemings of the world. Compliments, the frivolity of which the good sense of Emily soon annihilated, were at an end, when my Guardian and Roderique entered. I introduced my unknown gentleman as well as I could, and a very incoherent introduction I

made of it. My Guardian looked at the stranger with surprise. Roderique rudely surveyed him with contempt, and the new guest sternly returned his ill-timed gaze. Turning away with manly indifference from the supercilious Roderique, he frankly addressed himself to the former; ‘ You
 ‘ seem agitated, Sir, I beg you will
 ‘ compose yourself; I will not long
 ‘ obtrude; my business shall be brief.
 ‘ I feel myself injured; this young
 ‘ gentleman defies me: I came here to
 ‘ claim your justice, but, in the pre-
 ‘ sence of this lady, dare not seize
 ‘ the moment of reparation.’

‘ Emily,’ said her father, ‘ may I
 ‘ request you to retire?’

‘ I know no reason, I must confess,’
 replied Roderique, ‘ why the com-
 ‘ pany

‘pany should separate—but, on second thought, I believe it may be as well, for this gentleman (walking round, as if he meant to inspire him with diffidence) can have little business with the ladies.’

The other only returned—

‘Your conceptions, Sir, are of little importance to a man who despises trifles.’

Roderique tried to hum a lively air; Emily retired in a manner that convinced me she gladly left the spot where pointed ill-manners stung the unfortunate.

‘You talk of injuries, Sir,’ said my Guardian, ‘if I have ever wronged you, boldly claim revenge.’

VOL. I.

L

‘It

‘ It is not you who are my object.
‘ I am led here to submit to your arbitration. Justice in you will dissipate
‘ my ideas of revenge ; but, by heaven, I will not depart till that gentleman restores the gem I have too
‘ long lost !’

‘ That gentleman, Sir, is no robber ! I will answer for his honour,
‘ and you wound mine when you doubt him ; his heart must not be
‘ struck at till mine has ceased to
‘ beat.’

‘ Command him, Sir, to restore
‘ the picture now concealed in his
‘ bosom !’

‘ In vain ; (replied my Guardian
‘ furiously) the picture can never find
‘ a more noble bosom ; it is his right,
‘ his

‘ his highest privilege, I gave it him
 ‘ sixteen years ago as a pledge—’

‘ A pledge!—Is it possible!—A
 ‘ pledge of what, Sir, did she con-
 ‘ descend?—But—I am not myself!
 ‘ —She never gave it you! it is false-
 ‘ hood deserving damnation, and you
 ‘ wrong her, Sir.—This moment
 ‘ command him, if you have any in-
 ‘ fluence, to resign that picture, or
 ‘ the richest stream that revels near
 ‘ my heart shall be wasted on your
 ‘ pavement—A pledge!—A pledge!
 ‘ —Where am I?—”

Here the voice of the stranger
 faltered. I remained in silent and
 awful observation—Even Roderique
 seemed struck with reverence.

L 2

‘ Yes,’

‘ Yes,’ said my Guardian—‘ I avow,
 ‘ and will for ever repeat, that no
 ‘ man can have a dearer claim to the
 ‘ resemblance of that unfortunate
 ‘ beauty ; it is her pledge of love, of
 ‘ pure un sullied love !

‘ Silence !—I will hear no more !—
 ‘ Leave un ended your tale of infamy
 ‘ —Poltroons of your cast were meant
 ‘ to curse the fame of helpless woman
 ‘ —Slander her if you dare, Sir ;
 ‘ Come, we will parley when we
 ‘ meet again—Draw, Sir, and bid
 ‘ your boy assist you—I would wil-
 ‘ lingly try both.’

‘ No, Sir,’ (replied my Guardian
 with a serenity that gave an heavenly
 lustre to his features) ‘ we are not as-
 ‘ sassins. I alone will encounter you.
 ‘ Henry,’ (turning to me as he was
 6 follow-

following the enraged stranger towards the door) ‘ I have but one request to make, though this may be my last hour, protect my child ; I am confident you will never be dastard enough to resign the picture of your MOTHER.’

‘ His MOTHER !’ (turning hastily back)—‘ My Henry—My son!—My dear Henry,’ exclaimed the unknown.

In a moment my Guardian was obliged to give way. I felt myself in the arms of my Father, and we together sank speechless on the floor.

The transports of filial love were new ; new images opened on my mind as I held the object I had so long sought, in my strong embrace.

“Why, Sir,” (said I to my Guardian hastily) “did you give me this picture, and charge me to preserve it, without informing me it was the resemblance of my Mother?”

“Ah! my dear Henry,” replied he, with a sigh, “the clue that has led you to the knowledge of your Father is yet in the hand of wayward fortune, and may break before you are completely blest.”

“Impossible, Sir! Heaven designed me as an instrument to promote his felicity. Oh, Sir! had you seen him lost to comfort; had you found him so very wretched, you would have acted as I have done, and trusted the event to Heaven.”

“I need

‘ I need not inform you, Sir,’ said my Father to my Guardian, ‘ who I am ; you never till this hour personally knew me ; but you have protected my child ; may God, from his store of blessing, pour your rewards ! I am powerless, and can only offer you the language of a heart melted by your benevolence, and waiting from you its future peace—Where is my Wife ? Answer me that one question, and do with me as you please. Life, without her, is of no value.

‘ Could I give you that satisfaction, Sir,’ replied my Guardian, ‘ believe me I would not linger in the tale : your Wife, I have heard, must tread the paths of society no more. Where she is immured, I cannot inform you. On the

‘ second of April, which, I believe,
‘ according to the letter I received
‘ from the Duke, was about a week
‘ before you and your tutor were com-
‘ mitted to close confinement, this
‘ youth, then an infant, was placed
‘ beneath my care. Not having ac-
‘ commodated suited to so tender a
‘ babe, my wife being dead, and my
‘ children receiving different educa-
‘ tions a distance from me, I resign-
‘ ed him to the care of one of my
‘ tenants. The man was nobly honest,
‘ the woman simple and uncorrupted.
‘ With them he grew; the miniature
‘ which has caused so much alterca-
‘ tion, was sent me by the Duke of
‘ B**** —I hung it round the
‘ neck of Henry; and not daring
‘ to reveal the secret of his birth,
‘ only charged him to preserve it
‘ even at the expence of life. How
‘ well

‘ well he has obeyed my injunction
 ‘ you can determine.’

‘ I will not arraign the mercy of
 ‘ Heaven,’ said my father; ‘ my son
 ‘ is restored. Who shall set bounds
 ‘ to everlasting beneficence?—May
 ‘ I not yet behold her! May not
 ‘ some dark unfathomable event
 ‘ throw the long-loved beauty into
 ‘ my faithful arms! How the ima-
 ‘ ginary phantom dances to my ten-
 ‘ der wishes!—but—I must be re-
 ‘ signed.’

During this scene of unaffected joy,
 we had forgot Roderique—Nature
 had left no vacuum in our souls, and
 affection had closed every avenue,
 through which a mere object of po-
 lite civility could enter on our re-
 collection. Whilst our glowing sen-

timents were thus undergoing a mutual interchange, Roderique had sat himself down to write, like one who was intent on taking minutes of some extraordinary occurrence.—And such the reader will, ere long, perceive was the employment of that gentleman at this interesting eclaircissement.

I had ever-prized myself on being an adept in scrutinizing the human heart, and never did my vanity so falsely support itself as now. I affected to be wonderfully penetrating, when I told Roderique, as he smiled at my Father, with a kind of triumph, that the generosity of his mind shone strongly in his features. Roderique hastily squeezing the paper, on which he had wrote, thrust it into his pocket, and advanced towards us. I never, till now, had given him credit for
 3
 goodness

goodness of heart; and was pleased in presenting him to my Father as an accomplished nobleman, whom we ranked in the number of our friends.

We had acted inadvertently, but there was no recalling the past moment, and we suffered in the sequel for our imbecility.

Surely there are seasons of sweet delirium, when the soul feels herself unusually enlarged and bountiful. Then, if ever, we resemble our Creator; we would eagerly dispense delight as we unexpectedly receive it; while fancy increases the rapture by throwing agreeable tints on every object around us. My over-flowing heart was immersed in new-born transport; and my reader will not wonder that Roderique appeared through a pleasing

medium—Had I not lately found a Father? shame on the man, (said I to myself) who suspects a friend, and has not candour to reveal his sentiments. What harmony would animate the world were mortals sincere! Thus I arraigned my rectitude, for having beheld Roderique with past dislike. I was at this moment so very generous as to ascribe that dislike to my love for Emily, and resolved in future to be more just in restraining my desires and expanding my friendship; nor did Roderique, in my opinion, retain his wonted manner; his *hauteur* was changed to obsequiousness; I became subdued by his attention, and was fastened to his will; in a word, we were friends.

My Father, though evidently pining after good unpossessed, was grateful to the kind civilities of my Guardian,

dian, whose every effort was meant to please. In hunting, angling and rural diversion we strove to lessen the weight of care; but fate had laden my Father too heavily! my friend Roderique too seemed lately to have taken up his share of business; I never could tempt him from his employ, which was continually writing and receiving letters. I was therefore allowed sufficient leisure to arrange my plans of future happiness. I had but one; and resolved the first opportunity to ask my Father's consent that I might marry Emily. Yet I had not endeavoured to engross the affections of that lovely object; I even sometimes avoided her, lest she should observe the anguish of my soul, pity, and secretly love me under inauspicious influences. Heavens! what would

would I not have resigned for the knowledge of this one truth !

Thou wilt find, my gentle reader, I am very inconsistent ; but we are all so ; love and virtue clashing in thy mind, will make thee feel with me.

Yes, I wished Emily's affection to keep pace with mine. I wished her to taste that pure, though visionary bliss of loving, without the dull certainty of possessing ; of voluntarily yielding, with the choice of being free ; of keeping the reins of her conduct in her own hands, without being assaulted by the wild passions of a man, who, at times, could not answer for himself.

Such was the great passion with which I longed to fill the heart of
Emily ;

Emily; for this reason I resolved privately to gain the sanction of her Father and mine, and to watch the dawning of her gentle wishes.

To aid this little plan, and throw wider my view of happiness, Roderique one day informed me he should soon depart.—I know not why, but my heart fluttered strangely at this information.—

“Are you not unwilling,” said I, “to leave so fine a country. Is there no object whose charms are powerful enough to detain you?”

What an awkwardness there was in this question; every word of it simply declares.

‘None more powerful than your own,’ replied Roderique, ‘in your conversation.’

‘ conversation I have learned the
 ‘ lessons of honour, of truth, and
 ‘ of filial affection: accept my heart;
 ‘ and call me for ever your’s.

Still I panted for an avowal of Roderique’s sentiments respecting Emily. I had no right to accuse or complain; I had beheld a treasure without attempting to secure it, and his privilege was fair as mine. I continued musing, as I spoke, on the insensible vivacity of Roderique, who was so soon to leave us; like a shadow we must behold no more.

“ My Guardian will regret your
 “ absence—even Emily—the charm-
 “ ing Emily—” (an ill-timed sigh
 lengthened her name upon my lips)
 “ —perhaps may mourn.”——

‘ Emily

‘ Emily is lovely,’ replied Roderique with wonderful carelessness, ‘ but I leave her to you—pursue, ‘ possess, be happy, and grow old in ‘ all she is capable of communicating. ‘ For me, my dear friend, other ‘ pleasures wait. I will return to ‘ my former scene of gaiety, I will re- ‘ member you and Emily, and I will ‘ flatter myself with the idea of not ‘ being always a stranger to your me- ‘ mory.’

Selfish as I was, Roderique relieved me from the excruciating pangs of jealousy. In return I made him warm protestations of lasting regard. Feeble was my judgment, and officious in self-deception, when I fancied this man capable of disinterested friendship. Yet, had Emily never existed,

ed, Roderique might have been left abandoned.

Our conversation was prolonged from the park gate, where it began, to the door of my Guardian's mansion; in the window of which we espied the charming maid leaning on her hand. She had studiously avoided company for some days; had seldom left her own apartment, and her father informed us she complained of an oppression near her heart.—‘I will invite her to ride with me,’ said this indulgent man, ‘in hopes of dissipating a melancholy I can not account for.’

He accordingly accompanied her over the adjacent plains; I implored the angel of health to restore her native

tive cheerfulness, and retired to my study.

I had taken up the Orations, said to have been delivered by the divine Plato, to his disciples on the promontory of Sunium, and had read a few pages, when I was disturbed by a gentle rap at my door—it was my Father who entered; he saluted me affectionately, and began a conversation with a serious air.

‘ The obscurity of this peaceful
‘ spot, my dear son, suits my misera-
‘ ble fortunes; but how long may
‘ I with honour continue under the
‘ kind protection of your Guardian,
‘ whose life and property may be
‘ endangered by his hospitality to
‘ me? While I am a wanderer and
‘ free from chains, Louis trembles
‘ for

' for his crown. I am his twin-bro-
 ' ther, was born with him in the
 ' same hour, consequently have been
 ' a state prisoner through life, and
 ' am now an exile. I seek not the
 ' diadem of France; my heart is not
 ' so heated by ambition, as by civil
 ' commotion, to shed the blood of
 ' thousands; nor would I wish you to
 ' be known through the realm as the
 ' nephew of the King.'—

My blood seemed to make a full
 pause at this declaration; but it paused
 only to revisit my heart with tre-
 ble force.

“ What!—my noble Father! are
 “ you content to creep round the
 “ world a victim to persecution, and
 “ an alien to society?”—

“Content”

‘ Content is with your Mother ; if
 ‘ I find her, the dominions of nature
 ‘ will be mine.’

“ May the Almighty power in re-
 “ storing her to you, give me the
 “ blessing I have never known!—But
 “ do not expect to hear me whistle
 “ after the plough, or die undif-
 “ tinguished amidst the peaceful
 “ pleasures of these woodlands.—Bid
 “ me go and seek my Mother ! Bid
 “ me rush into the path of glory ;
 “ I may learn her destiny—I may
 “ soften yours, I may snatch some
 “ laurels from the hand of war—at
 “ least my life will not glide away
 “ without leaving a proof of my exis-
 “ tence on the annals of fame.”—

He answered.—‘ Fame has afflic-
 ‘ tion for her favourite ; she sets him
 ‘ up ;

‘ up; he veers with her blast, and
 ‘ riots in her transient charms. Soon,
 ‘ much too soon, her minion falls
 ‘ from her finest height. Envy re-
 ‘ ceives him in her snaky bosom; he
 ‘ looks up, and owns with regret that
 ‘ no summit was ever gained on
 ‘ which man can permanently rest.’

“ But my honour, Sir, will oblige
 “ me at least to leave this scene; at
 “ once inactive, inglorious, and dan-
 “ gerous to you, to my Guardian, to
 “ me, and to ——”

Here my conscious heart arrested
 my tongue before it wildly pronounc-
 ed the name of her I loved; for
 however cold I might appear to be;
 I too, certainly, at some moments
 feared for Emily and myself. Be-
 sides, did not a suffering Father stand
 before

before me, whose wrongs I was impatient to redress?—He did, and my whole soul became expanded with the grandeur of her own ideas.

My father calmly replied—‘ Your observations are just, my son ; for your secret consolation preserve your honour and your virtue, and barter not either for public fame. Fame can never repay you. I am serious—If quitting this retreat will secure your rectitude, you shall with me immediately depart.’

During this speech, I felt the power of my father darting to the inmost recesses of my troubled mind.

He continued—‘ Emily has informed me——’

I started.—

I started.—‘ Why are you agitated? why do you turn pale? Be seated, my worthy Henry,’ politely drawing a chair, this generous fugitive proceeded:

‘ Yesterday you lamented the dejection of Emily; you were surprized at her avoiding the presence of yourself and Roderique; you know not the cause, nor do I; the motives of those who are all innocence and delicacy may not be impertinently scrutinized; but she is not happy.’

“ God forbid, Sir!—who makes her otherwise? I will not tamely—
“ pray inform me.”—

My Father smiled; and, interrupting me, said, ‘ I find you are no culprit,

' prit, Henry, you hourly give me
 ' new proofs of exalted purity.
 ' Emily has informed me, that she
 ' wishes to cut short this visit to her
 ' Father, and requests me to use my
 ' influence with him, that she may,
 ' in three days, depart. In my con-
 ' vent, said the charming girl, I
 ' shall find the peace I have lost.
 ' Here I have met with insolence;
 ' but should I reveal the name of him
 ' who has offended me, his life would
 ' be the expiation; or my dear, my
 ' valuable Father might fall in the
 ' contest! I therefore intreat you to
 ' forward my departure from a spot
 ' where my bosom suffers from more
 ' causes than one.'

My Father, towards the conclusion
 of this speech, eyed me with fixed
 regard, while the mantling blood
 arose from my heart and spread an

honest anger over my visage ; particles of fire seemed to fly before me.

I only articulated, " what shall I do, Sir !—What would you do ? " " Chastise the disturber of my Emily ! "

With a mournful look, he turned from me, and walked silently to the window, while my agitation became extreme. Willingly would I have fallen at his feet, and poured out the sentiments of my soul ; I had not the power—by irresistible reverence I was chained to my seat.

My Father, still gazing through the window, in a musing attitude, and without turning to look at me, said, in a low voice, " Would you destroy the peace of Emily ?—"

" Me,

“ Me, Sir!—I destroy the peace
 “ of Emily! O, thou Almighty
 “ Power! who hast formed me to
 “ thy will, be thou her strong de-
 “ fender!”

Endeavouring to calm my perturb-
 ed spirit, I stood silent; my Father,
 at length, approaching me with quick-
 ness, said, affectionately, ‘ Henry!
 ‘ —My dear Henry! Why will you
 ‘ in vain distress me? I ask not your
 ‘ confidence, because you appear re-
 ‘ solved that I never shall share it;
 ‘ but, is it impossible for us to meet
 ‘ on equal terms? I promise to ad-
 ‘ vise, not restrain you; and will lose
 ‘ the name of Father in that of Friend
 ‘ —Only try to forget Emily!’

Pressing his hand to my lips, I ex-
 claimed, “ Yes, my Father, I see

“too plainly you dare not trust your
 “son; you will not permit me to
 “be the guardian of that gentle
 “maid; and yet, Sir, her Father
 “once told me, that, to my honour,
 “he could confide his child.”

“I could trust her with your *honour*,
 “but not with your AFFECTION.”

This was a stroke I was not aware of. I fell before him, breathed my guiltless passion in fervent language; and assured him I had never influenced the mind of Emily by an avowal of my love.

My Father was pleased; he strove to bring me back to tranquillity; yet, whilst he talked of reason, of prudence, and of proud philosophy, his eyes were full of tears. I hoped to
 6 profit

profit by the tenderness of the moment; I drew back his memory to the image of my Mother. He was disturbed; his bosom heaved; and I exulted in the idea of having conquered his objections. To whom could I plead with more hope of success?—Had not my Father known the joys and the sorrows of unconquerable love?

He was silent for some moments. I felt relieved in having unburthened myself to him, and saw no reason he could oppose to my union, yet he appealed to my principles.

‘ You love Emily?’

“ I do, Sir; nor can I blame myself for adoring an object that inspires me with virtues. Yes, my
 “ Father!

“ Father ! she hangs upon my me-
 “ mory, and Vice can offer no temp-
 “ tation where her image is seen. I
 “ am ennobled by love, and will not
 “ sink unworthy of my Emily’s per-
 “ fection.”

“ You see before you, my dear
 “ Henry, in your unfortunate Father,
 “ an example of selfish and ungene-
 “ rous passion.”

“ Ungenerous, Sir!—”

“ You must not interrupt me : un-
 “ generous and unjust : I studied my
 “ own happiness, without considering
 “ the miseries I was preparing for
 “ another. I timely felt my arm too
 “ feeble to ward off the shafts my fate
 “ was preparing for an innocent ob-
 “ ject ; yet, like you, I loved ; pursued
 “ that

' that love; won a valuable heart to
 ' my sentiments, and wedded it only to
 ' anguish: need I say that your destiny
 ' is equally uncertain? What can
 ' you do for Emily? How will you
 ' shield her from the storm now im-
 ' pending over your head and mine?
 ' Will you not rather render her
 ' wretched, by alluring her from a
 ' fond Father, who deems her his
 ' richest blessing; and who, without
 ' her, may sink uncomfortable into
 ' the vale of time?—But, far be it
 ' from me to aggravate our mutual
 ' woes—If Emily loves you, brave
 ' all future accidents, and lead her to
 ' the altar.'

My Father waited my reply—I had
 none to make; the essential part was
 wanting. I was a stranger to the sen-
 timents of Emily.—He wished me

M 4

self-

self-composure ; and left to my judgment the picture of his experience faithfully delineated. How warmly had I painted the hours in perspective ! My colouring was too high.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.



